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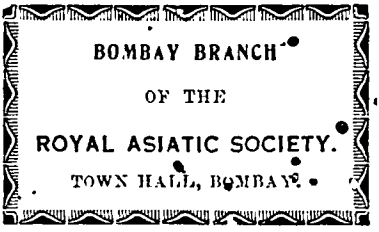

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REMINISCENCES OF SYRIA,

AND

FRAGMENTS OF A JOURNAL AND LETTERS

FROM

THE HOLY LAND.

BY

LIEUT.-COLONEL E. NAPIER,

LATE 46TH REGIMENT, F. R. G. S.

AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS," "EXCURSIONS ALONG THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN," ETC.

88242

——————"Rude am I in speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven*teen* years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field."—OTHELLO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MACDONALD,

K.C.B. K.C.H. ETC. ETC. ETC.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF HER MAJESTY'S FORCES,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In the year 1799, the British Government sent out to Syria a military mission under General Koehler, composed of about a dozen Staff officers, with a few artillerymen and sappers, to co-operate with the Turks against our,—then,—common enemy the French.

In 1840, a mission very similarly constituted went to that country, under Brigadier Sir Charles Felix Smith, C.B., of the Royal Engineers; who was shortly afterwards succeeded in command by Brigadier-General Michell; to act likewise in conjunction with the Turks, though, in this case, against the Egyptians.

These two undertakings were attended with nearly similar results;—each ended in

the death of the English General commanding, and of many of our officers and men; and both, served only to prove, how utterly useless and unavailing was any attempt at co-operation with a set of ignorant and prejudiced barbarians, without an adequate British military force to follow up whatever active measures might have been considered advisable.

The nucleus of both these expeditions was formed of officers of the artillery and engineers; nevertheless, on the last occasion, Commodore Napier, whilst in temporary command of the allied force, during his short and successful campaign in Lebanon, was so kind and considerate as to think of the Author, and expressed a wish that he should join him immediately in Syria; which object,—through the medium of Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant-General,—he was enabled shortly to effect.

At the conclusion of the Syrian expedition, the field-officers and captains engaged in the business had a step of rank conferred on them by brevet; this gave the Author his

Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the army, for which he may therefore consider himself principally indebted to Sir John Macdonald and Commodore Napier; and, as a slight mark of gratitude, he has taken the liberty of respectfully dedicating the following volumes to the former of these distinguished officers.

Merchiston Hall, Hants,
June 21st, 1843.

INTRODUCTION.

THE only two works which have as yet appeared, consequent on the late operations in Syria, are Commodore Napier's "War," and Hunter's "Expedition to Syria."* The former, however valuable as an historical record, professes only to enter into the details of the campaign;—and the latter, though most judiciously written, and with great means of observation, was hastily put together; and, it is to be much regretted, was left in an incomplete state, by Mr. Hunter's sudden and unexpected departure from England.

On the other hand, after the number of works which have been written on Syria in

* July, 1842.

general, some apology may perhaps be requisite, for offering to conduct the Reader over ground which, at first sight, appears so much trodden.

Yet the peculiar circumstances in which the Author of these "Reminiscences" was placed, at a period of great interest and political importance to Syria, together with the facilities offered to him of traversing in safety its wildest and most dangerous districts; causing him widely to diverge from the well-accustomed route of former travellers,—and, during his short residence in that country, to mix almost exclusively with the natives, and those of every sect and grade,—have afforded opportunities of remark and observation, which he trusts, he has not entirely neglected, and which may enable him to give a little fresh information on a subject now apparently quite threadbare and exhausted.

In their visits to the Holy Land the generality of travellers have followed one beaten track,—and, after hastily running through

this interesting country, in constant fear of being plundered by its roving and predatory tribes,—without any intercourse with the inhabitants, or knowledge of the language, and trusting entirely for information to an often ignorant and interested Dragoman—they return to their own firesides, whence they send forth to the world a composition of several hundred pages, headed with the imposing title of "Syria." Such, with the exception of Burckhardt, of Volney, and of a late French author named Perrier, has been the general course pursued by modern travellers.

It may perhaps be objected that the term, also, of the author's residence in Syria was very limited,—as, indeed, it was; but he was, in a measure, prepared to observe to advantage by a previous study of the Arabic language, and a general knowledge of Oriental habits, literature, and customs, acquired during a ten-years' service with his regiment in India; whilst the familiar and even intimate

footing, on which he often found himself placed, with all classes and religions in Syria, —from the hardy mountaineer of Lebanon to the wandering Bedāwee of the plains and desert,—from the poor Troglodyte inhabitant of the Adjelloun hills, the ancient "Land of Gilead," to the lordly tyrant of the soil, the proud Osmanli,—greatly contributed to afford him a better insight into the state of the country and its inhabitants, than could in any other manner have been obtained;—and this, in the course of the present work, he has endeavoured to convey to the Reader.

During his pilgrimage through the Holy Land, ordinarily with one or two European comrades,—but almost always attended by a powerful escort,—the Author of the following pages was enabled to visit some of its most interesting sites and localities.

After hastily traversing the Lebanon, the country of the Maronites, Druses, and Mutualis, the plains of Cœle-Syria, and the Anti-Libanus—he passed the boundaries of

the "Land of Canaan,"—visited Tyre, Acre, and Nazareth, and, crossing the wide plains of Esdraëlon, so oft the great battle-field, where, since the earliest ages, the fate of Syria has ever been decided,—struck into the Naplouse range of hills—the mountains of Samaria—then visited the ancient Shechem, its capital,—and, turning westward into those plains of Sharon, still, as in the scriptural times, enamelled with "lilies of the valley,"—passed through Lydd and Ramlah, till at last,—

> "His sandalls all with toilsome travell torne;
> And face all tan'd with scorching sunny ray,
> As he had traveil'd many a summer's day
> Through boyling sands of Arabie and Inde,"—

he reached the sainted city of Jerusalem, where he visited the Holy Sepulchre, and then journeyed to the place of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Thence, having obtained his qualification of "Hadjee," or Pilgrim, with the consequent indulgence attached thereto, he next proceeded, with a body of

irregular horse, across the Jordan, claimed hospitality of the wild pastoral Bedouins,—wandering through the "Ghor,"* ate salt with the subterraneous inhabitants of the ancient sepulchres in the Adjelloun hills,—and after once more traversing the plains of Esdraëlon, Zebulon, and Sharon,—hearing the matin-bells on Mount Carmel, and beholding the ruins of Athlete, the "Castel Pelegrino" of the Crusaders,—Tortura, the Dora of Scripture,—and the remains of Herod's magnificent structures at Cæsarea,—reached Jaffa, and shortly after, on the conclusion of the peace, embarking for Alexandria, closed his "Journal and Reminiscences" with the termination of the campaign.

Such is a brief outline of the heads contained in this personal narrative,—in recounting which, as in all works of a similar nature, where the writer is made to tell his own story,—from Cæsar's Commentaries

* The Valley of the Jordan is so called by the Arabs.

downwards,—that odious little personal pronoun *I*, is, as a matter of course, much brought into play;—but the Author trusts that the Reader, making due allowance for the necessity he is under of so frequently employing the objectionable term, will indulgently absolve him from the serious charge of self-conceit and egotism.

On his return last winter from Syria, the Author having left his Notes and Journal at Gibraltar, was not enabled until an advanced period of the spring to embody their contents, as they now appear, in the following volumes:—he employed, however, the intervening time,—and, he trusts, to some purpose,—in attentively reading every work he could meet with, both ancient and modern, in any way connected with Syria.

Amongst the former, in treating of the antiquities which came under his notice, he has drawn largely for quotation on the Jewish historian Josephus,—a somewhat old-fashioned authority, to be sure, but one

whom the "immortal Scaliger" regarded as more worthy of credit than all the classical authors together. Of the labours of modern travellers he has not much availed himself, having weighed their narratives in the balance, and found them, in most cases, "wanting;"—from this judgment, however, he must except the work of his *compagnon de voyage*, Mr. Hunter, from whom he has borrowed a few graphic passages; and he must also acknowledge his obligations to Mr. Addison's "History of the Knights Templars."

The causes which gave rise to the "Eastern Question," and obliged the Allies in 1840 to adopt those active measures which ended in the destruction of Mehemet Ali's power in Syria, are now too well known, and have been, of late, too often discussed, to render their recapitulation necessary in these pages. The Author has also avoided as much as possible, the expression of political opinions, generally confining himself to a

simple narrative of what came immediately under his own observation;—and, should the style in which this is related be open to the lash of criticism, he must shield himself under the motto heading these volumes,—confess himself a "rude unlettered soldier," —and no "booke lerned clerke;" and further state that as the immediate prospect of a fresh tour of foreign service obliged him to scribble on "*au pas de charge*," the whole was *perpetrated* in rather less than three months from the time when it was first taken in hand. He trusts, therefore, that these palliative circumstances will be received in extenuation of the *critical* charges to which he may have rendered himself amenable. And the "gentle Reader" having thus been duly informed of what he has to expect, can now either close the book, or, should curiosity predominate over discretion, lightly skim over these "Reminiscences of Syria, and Fragments of a Journal and Letters from the Holy Land;"—from which, in the latter

case, that some little amusement, if not information, may prove the reward of such indulgence and patience,—is the sincere wish of his obedient servant,—

THE AUTHOR.

NOTE
Sketch
of the
EGYPTIAN POSITION
ON THE HEIGHTS OF
HOBJAR SEF
on
MOUNT LEBANON
from which
COMMODORE NAPIER'S ATTACK ON IBRAHIM PASHA
on the 11th OCTr 1840
Taken from the Ground
BY LT COLONEL E NAPIER
Mr STAFF-ASSTT-ADJT-GENL
Scale of 3 Leagues to an Inch
Mortar
REFERENCE
HEIGHTS OF BOMARSEF
WADY UL SHANEB
VILLAGE OF
DEIR-EL-KOMAR
HEIGHTS OF ABEIH
PANORAMA

REMINISCENCES OF SYRIA.

CHAP. I.

THE DEPARTURE.

"On, on the vessel flies,—the land is gone
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay;
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay,
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap." CHILDE HAROLD.

It is from the month of October, 1840, that the narrative, contained in the following pages, commences.

My regiment was then quartered at Gibraltar, but a long and severe illness having at last obliged me to fly from Calpe's "rugged rock,"—I arrived, on medical certificate, in England, where I had spent the genial months of summer, and restored at

last to health by the bracing climate of my native land, and the fostering care and attentions of kind relatives, I was beginning to contemplate the approaching termination of my leave of absence, and to think of returning ere long to drills,—parades,—brigade days,—and all the "pomp and circumstances" of a strict and well ordered garrison;—for such is that "brightest jewel in the British crown;"—the famed "Plaza' of Gibraltar.

The time and place where these meditations occurred, offered a strong contrast to the scenes and objects on which they involuntarily ran;—for whilst imagination embodied and set forth ranks of bristling and gleaming bayonets,—the stifling movements of serried masses of troops in close or quarter distance columns,—the ready deployment,—the loud word of command,—and the plumed staff galloping over the sandy surface of the Neutral Ground, or the hard gravel of the Alameda*—all these images

* The two localities where the brigade field days are held at Gibraltar.

of war, were strongly opposed to the stillness and quiet, to the rural and woodland beauties which extended themselves before me.

It was, as has been said, during the month of October—that frequently delightful period of our northern clime, when the sun, in a receding course, oft retains its more powerful summer attributes, when the universal verdant tint of the earlier landscape is most pleasingly varied, and assumes the mottled garb of the still gay young autumn,—as listlessly reclining amidst the thick woollen folds of a Greek capote, spread on the surface of the closely-mown and velvet lawn, which gradually sloped towards a silvery sheet of smooth water, reflecting in its unruffled bosom the majestic oaks under whose shades I was reposing;—whilst gazing on this quiet and tranquil scene, that the busy wing of fancy, transporting imagination o'er space and distance, rested its weary pinions on objects so incongruous to every surrounding object.

The rich and glowing autumnal tints of Hampshire's woodlands, these last remains of the ancient forest of Bere,—with its

gnarled and spreading oaks, overshadowed the numerous groups of sheep and kine, which like myself appeared to be *ruminating* under their protecting foliage; whilst the distant and not unpleasing sounds of a populous rookery, wafted on the calm stillness of the day, came at intervals from the stately grove of tall elms, which partly concealing, allowed yet indistinctly to be seen, in the far back ground, the broken outlines of the venerable old parish church of Catherington.

My mother was busily engaged with those constant objects of her care and solicitude—the roses and honeysuckles, which gracefully waved about and entwined the pillared verandah;—whilst the other kind nurses, who had so carefully tended me in sickness and sorrow,—my sisters,—were negligently reclining at their work, on a fantastically made rustic bench under the shadow of a neighbouring oak.

With such a scene and such objects in view, could a man feel otherwise than happy? —and the only alloy I experienced to that enviable state, was the prospect of approach-

ing and unavoidable departure, from nearly all that I held dear in existence.

By degrees, the past, the present, and the future, became confusedly amalgamated. Plumed aides-de-camps and skirmishing Light Bobs, with the brazen voice of the trumpet,—began to be strangely commingled with the rural sounds of lowing herds, and enamelled parterres of dahlias and carnations;—with the soft and silvery tones of woman's dear voice, and the gentle chirrup of the birds overhead. I had in short taken my departure to the land of Somnus!

But a change soon came o'er the "spirit of my dream." I was suddenly aroused by the joyful exclamations of:—"a letter from Papa!" and ere I could well open the portals of my eyes, or give a preliminary yawn—a despatch, directed in his well-known hieroglyphic characters, was placed in my hand; and, before I had time to decipher its contents, I was overwhelmed with interrogatories as to their nature.

The "Governor," in his epistolary correspondence, is a true disciple of Lycurgus, and

his present effusion, terse and laconic as usual, ran as follows :—

" Head Quarters of the Army of Lebanon, Djouni.
September, 1840.

" My dear Edward,

" I have hoisted my broad pendant on Mount Lebanon, and mean to advance against the Egyptians, with a considerable force under my command—you may be of use here—therefore go to Sir John Macdonald, and ask him to get leave for you to join me without delay.

" Your affectionate father,

" Charles Napier.

" To Major E. Napier,
46th Regiment."

Although no longer as in the good old time of Godfrey of Bouillon, and of our lion-hearted Richard, vague accounts, at long and uncertain periods, were brought from the Holy Land by wandering minstrels, and sandalled pilgrims adorned with cockle-shell and palm-branch—although "steam" had altered all this, and we had regularly heard of the deeds of Beyrout, and the capture of Sidon—of "Old Charley's" exploits in scal-

ing walls, and cruizing over the tops of houses without his jacket, and with his castor on the top of his sword;—still,—this first intelligence of his being metamorphosed from a "Sea-Captain" into the generalissimo of an eastern army, was rather unexpected and startling.

However, we all knew the old gentleman too well not to be aware that any chance of catching him in his new career, would depend on the greatest celerity of movement.

My revered parent, (though *I* say it who should not), the very type and model of maternal solicitude and affection, is at heart a real Spartan matron. It is not the first time that she had urged her husband and sons on the path of danger and honour; nor was she remiss in so doing in the present instance.

A soldier requires little preparation for a march; my "kit" was quickly packed up; in a few short hours the sad moment of departure arrived, when, tearing myself from "sweet home," I sprang on the top of the passing coach; and as a last blessing died on the lips of my kind relatives, an "all's

right" from the guard, and a slight touch under the flank of the off fore-leader, soon whirled us at once out of sight and hearing of the sorrowing party left behind.

That evening I dined in London at the club—to wit, the one rejoicing in the name of the Junior United Service, and my first move the following morning was to bend my footsteps towards that well-known emporium of half-pay officers and military applicants of all classes—the Horse Guards.

Casting a hasty but admiring glance at the warlike and motionless forms of the Life Guardsmen on duty, and turning sharply to the left on passing their posts, I soon found myself in the presence of an individual of no small official consideration in these territories of the god of war. This was no less a personage than the "messenger" of Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant-General.

Months and years had been mowed down by the sharp scythe of Time since I had last beheld this worthy, but its sweeping hand had made no alteration either in his person or appearance; and, from the cold scruti-

nizing look with which he surveyed me from head to foot, he had evidently not the least recollection of ever having seen me before.

"Is Sir John at his office?" was my leading question.

"If you will step into the waiting-room I will go and see, sir."

Knowing of old that the above-mentioned apartment was likely, during the ensuing inquiries, to become in good sooth a very *waiting*-room, on crossing the threshold I gave my card to the messenger, desiring him to send it in to Sir John, who, on a former occasion, had had the kindness to tell me that it should prove a passport to his presence.

The "waiting-room," placed at the end of a long passage, is a small square apartment, in which are three or four chairs, with nought save the bare walls to divert the attention of the numerous military occupants by whom it is so frequently tenanted. We all know how heavily old Father Time lays his hand on us, and how much more we feel its weight when fretting under the united

curbs of impatience and deferred expectation.

Having philosophically made up my mind to endure some little delay, I quietly seated myself in one of the aforesaid venerable chairs—the tutelar deities of the place; looked at the ceiling, then at the dingy window;—hummed the fag end of a tune;—took out the Commodore's letter, and, after reading it over and over some half-dozen times without discovering anything new, put it again into my pocket; looked once more at the ceiling, and cast another glance at the dingy window;—got up;—paced the limited confines in which I was immured, first lengthways, then breadthways, and lastly,—for a change,—took a diagonal direction. Tired at last with this exercise I had again seated myself, and had just given a slight relief to my pent-up feelings by bestowing a hearty blessing on the grey-headed Cerberus, to whom I attributed all this delay, when approaching footsteps along the passage led me to hope he came a "messenger" of good tidings, like the angel at the celestial por-

tals; and mentally exclaiming with the Peri—

"Joy, joy, for ever! my task is done,
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won."

I was preparing to follow him into the presence of the "great man," when, instead of his sedate and official figure with the expected order for my admission into the coveted Elysium, the sound of a firm, measured footstep was followed by the erect form and military figure of one whom I at once recognized as an old fellow-campaigner.

"Hulloah! D——, what the deuce brings you here?"

And,—"What the devil are *you* doing in these regions?" were the almost simultaneous queries of both. *My* mission was soon explained.

"By-the-bye, I have to congratulate you on your majority since we last met."

"Yes," was the reply; "and I hope you will soon be able to wish me joy on another step: old —— talks of retiring—it is time he should, and that is what has brought me here."

"But, considering how young a field-officer you are, you can scarcely expect it."

"*Nous verrons*," was his rejoinder. He effectively *did* succeed to the step, and is now one of the fortunate few young lieutenant-colonels in the service.

The arrival of my old acquaintance was most opportune, and an hour passed in long yarns and stories of olden times. But at last, "hope deferred," began to be felt by both; another fit of impatience seized me; and determining, if I could not get an interview with the great man himself, to have a little conversation with his satellite, full of this heroic intent, I boldly advanced into the passage; when, a door suddenly opening, Sir John himself stood before me, evidently in the act of going out. Such a golden opportunity was not to be lost, and I made a bold push for it. After shaking me kindly by the hand, he said he could not then wait, but if I wanted anything he would see me on the morrow. "I won't detain you, sir; only, as you go down stairs, I would feel obliged if you would look at this note from the Commodore."

He cast his eye over the scrawl; in a second, with the quick perception only acquired by constant application to business, saw its purport and probable results—took me into his office—explained that there were difficulties, which he would, however, do his best to obviate, and directed that I should come next day, when he would let me know the result of my application to go to Syria. "For," added he, "you have no time to lose if you wish to catch the Commodore; and, if you are so fortunate as to get there before he finishes the work, it may be the making of you."

As may be imagined, the next morning I was not behind my time; nor did the old St. Peter who "stood with the keys of heaven" confine me again in the waiting-room.

I saw by Sir John's countenance that he had good news—"I wish you joy," said he; "here is your leave of absence—the Mediterranean steamer starts the day after tomorrow—take my advice, lose no time, and may you be successful."

I need not say how grateful I felt, and

how grateful I still feel to Sir John Macdonald for having thus put me in the path which subsequently led to promotion;—it would be a mere waste of words: suffice it to say that I implicitly followed his directions. With the assistance of my "schneider," Mr. Jones of Regent Street, the few staff appointments I required—such as cocked hat,* sabre-tâche, &c.—were speedily snugly packed; and the following day I found myself safely stowed on board the Iberia steamer, lying off Blackwall, and on the point of bubbling o'er that highway to England's wealth and prosperity, "Old Father Thames."

The greater number of the passengers were to be taken in at Falmouth, where we arrived without accident; and on the 19th October, with a fine north-westerly breeze and a heavy swell, we shot out of the Cornish land-locked harbour, lost sight of Pendennis

* Had Mr. Jones witnessed the effect produced in the mountains of Syria by the enormous General officer's plume with which he decorated my castor, I feel convinced he would consider it as a *feather* in his own cap.

Castle, and soon cleared the chops of the Channel.

Amongst the passengers was Major-General Sir John Jones, the well-known author of "Sieges in Spain," who was going out to inspect the fortifications of Gibraltar. The affability and conversational powers of the veteran, awakened by an approach to the former scenes of his earlier campaigns—the retreat of Corunna, and the hard-fought battles of the Peninsula—made his society most agreeable, and doubly so to a soldier. He loudly condemned the *petite guerre* system so often adopted by our government, and expressed the opinion that were a respectable force sent at once to strike a blow at the head quarters of Mehemet Ali, and take possession of Alexandria, it would probably save much time and expense, together with a great expenditure of human life.*

The roughness of the first part of the

* The General's opinion was subsequently fully verified, particularly on the latter subject: witness the enormous sacrifice of human beings in the disastrous retreat of Ibrahim Pasha from Damascus.

passage—for "a devil of a sea runs in that Bay" of Biscay—prevented most of our fellow-travellers from venturing out of their berths. However, there was one old Dutch gentleman—the Chevalier de Lobé, Consul-General of Havannah—who was determined not to be put off his feed by any degree of sea-sickness. The Chevalier was an autnor, and employed himself as busily in hoarding food for his mind as for his body: every thing went down in his journal, which was no doubt considerably swelled by the *bon mots* and facetious anecdotes of a rough-spun good-natured tar of the old school—Lieut. W——, the naval agent on board—whose dry repartees often caused a smile on the most nausea-stricken countenances.

A rough though splendid run of not more than fifty hours brought us in sight of the heights of Finisterre. We entered Vigo Bay during the night, took on board the mails, together with a couple of dozen Gallegos, bound to Lisbon,* and the following

* These Savoyards of Spain come from the mountains of Gallicia and Biscay. They generally perform the

day, were creeping along in smooth water under the lee of the Spanish coast, and in the mild temperature of 70° of Fahrenheit. What wonders are not effected by all-powerful steam! With its assistance man not only defies wind, waves, and weather, but, as if by the touch of a fairy wand, he is, in a few short hours, whirled from the frozen regions of the north to the temperature of the tropics!

Oft had it been my lot to cross the stormy ocean dividing Albion from Iberia's shores. In the ponderous Indiaman—in the crowded troop-ship—in the small nutshell of a cutter—had I successively ploughed the well-known tract; but never do I remember making a swifter passage than in the present instance in that fine steamer, the Iberia.

The genial climate and smooth water had the usual effect of bringing from a condition of chrysalis all the butterflies hitherto in a

office of porters or carriers in the large towns to which they emigrate. They are celebrated for their honesty and industry; and after toiling for a few years, usually return to their homes with the small amount of their hard-earned savings.

state of torpor, and the morning of the 22nd October witnessed at the breakfast table the whole of the beauty and fashion on board; amongst others, Lady and Miss Jones and the pretty young Countess of Ribiera, a charming little brunette of eighteen, and moreover a bride, who was returning with her husband to her native Lisbon. from whence they had emigrated to France during the late troublous times in Portugal.

At 11 A.M. we were off the bar at Oporto, and ere we again bubbled on, I had barely time to take a hasty sketch of the "Foz," which I had formerly seen in less peaceable times, and whilst smoking amidst the flames of civil warfare.*

Coasting along, over water as smooth as a mill-pond, with an awning spread overhead, all hands were on deck, and every glass was put in requisition. as we rapidly flew past cities, towers, and headlands; even the

* The strongly fortified points at the mouth of the Douro were, during the long siege of Oporto in 1833, occupied by the Miguelites, who burnt all the works when they abandoned the position.

shades of night did not till a late hour drive us below, and the next cloudless morning disclosed the towering hills of Cintra; shortly after which we entered the majestic Tagus, and were soon at an anchor off Black Horse Square.

So much has already been said and written about Lisbon, that I will not tire the reader with scenes of which the description must long ere this be as familiar as former and repeated visits have made it to me. I could not, however, help feeling a thrill of pleasure on beholding, amidst the "forestry of masts," that time and war-worn hulk, the old Rainha, and the noble two-decker, the Don John,* which proudly floated on the smooth surface of the broad river; and their sight forcibly brought to recollection my old "governor," as I had so often seen him go off to the prizes in a state barge, with his Lord High Admiral's castor stuck "athwart ship" on

* The line of battle ships captured with the rest of the Miguelite fleet off Cape St. Vincent, on the 5th of July, 1833, by Sir Charles Napier, and for which he received from the Portuguese Government the title of Count Cape St. Vincent.

his head, and overshadowing his bronzed and weather-beaten countenance!

We were again to get under weigh in the afternoon, and as I had much to do, and many friends to visit, I lost no time in going ashore, and putting myself into one of those extraordinary vehicles rejoicing in the name of a calèche.

The calèche is a covered carriage slung on two high wheels, and dragged by a couple of small horses—one in the shafts, the other mounted by a postillion—though I doubt much if the nondescript animal to whom I consigned my fate on the present occasion, would by naturalists be classed under that genus. His spare form, perched on a high demi-pique saddle, was encased in velveteen inexpressibles, nearly concealed by a pair of enormous jack boots; his shoulders were screwed into a vest, the waist of which was so completely shrunken as to appear supported and held up by the attractive powers of an enormous powdered pigtail, which protruded from beneath the scanty beaver meant to overshadow his wizen face, and

which graceful appendage kept up a constant pendulous motion as he jolted over the steep and roughly paved streets.

Not liking the slow pace at which this anatomy was proceeding, I at first civilly urged him to greater expedition, but he heeded me not, till at last losing all patience I gave vent to a few expletives in pure Castilian, and sent him to all the "Demonios del Infierno." Whereat, instead of mending his pace, or uttering a word in reply, he quietly pulled up,—dismounted, and taking from the interior of his "patent ventilator," he gracefully presented to me a villanously soiled and marvellously dirty printed paper, headed REGOLAMENTOS; and which rules and regulations clearly stated that calèches should on no account proceed at a quicker rate than that, at which he had been progressing. This silent appeal was unanswerable—and caused much amusement to a young Irishman and fellow passenger, who had availed himself of my knowledge of the "locale" to see a little of the Lisbon "sights."

There was a large fair held that day at Campo Grande a short distance from the city, and wishing my friend to behold a little of "Life in Portugal," we proceeded thither. To me the surrounding objects possessed not the charms of novelty, but my companion was delighted with what he saw:—the bullock carts creaking along with their bronzed and bandit-like drivers,—the numerous donkeys and their loads,—the women with their clean head dresses, consisting of a snow-white muslin handkerchief, and shrouded in the ample folds of the brown cloth cloak;* above all the lightning of their "Moorish Eye"—all excited his wonder and admiration, both of which met with ample materials to indulge in on our way to Campo Grande,—whose shaded avenues we entered after a drive of three quarters of an hour, over the abominably paved roads running between

* Nothing can be at greater variance than the costume of the women at Lisbon and that of their near Spanish neighbours at Cadiz, the large brown cloak alluded to being a marked characteristic of the former, as the graceful mantilla is of the latter town.

those endless walls that denote the vicinity of Lusitania's capital.

Amongst many other visits I had to make, was one to the celebrated Field Marshal Saldanha; he was not at home, but I was agreeably surprised to hear that he would be our fellow-passenger as far as Cadiz, as he was about to proceed to Madrid on a diplomatic mission.

However, time wore on apace, the hour for the departure of the Iberia approached, and we barely saved our distance and got on board, ere she was smoking down the stream, and we were summoned from above, to a *smoking* hot dinner below.

At this fresh point of departure our party had received a powerful reinforcement, and amongst those who sat down to the table was Marshal Saldanha,—in whom, save that he had grown rather stouter, I did not observe the least alteration during the seven years which had elapsed since I last saw him. The same upright military carriage, and frank soldierlike manners which

formerly characterized him were still evident; his eye retained all its lustre, and his small grey moustache had not varied by the curling of a single hair.

The Marshal was still in the prime of life, apparently not more than fifty; though he had seen a great deal of service in the Peninsular war, and that in a superior grade, which advantages he owed to entering the army at an early age, and to subsequent almost unequalled rapid advancement. A captain at fourteen, a colonel in his eighteenth year, he is one of those few favourites of fortune, in whom the energy of professional talent has not been rusted by the slow and spirit-damping hand of time.

General Jones and the Marshal soon found out they had been *confrères d'armes* in by-gone days, and it was interesting and edifying to a soldier to hear these two experienced veterans talking of fields now emblazoned on the shield of history; and bandying like household terms, names, now consecrated by fame, and looked up to and revered by the new generations which

have since sprung up in the school of Mars

The general subjects of conversation were the affairs of Syria, and the late extraordinary conduct of the Queen Regent of Spain in making public her marriage with one of the officers of her body guard, the subsequent resignation of the Regency, and her embarkation, it was said, for St. Petersburg.

Muños is the name of the happy individual, who has been thus successful in securing the affections of majesty in a manner, it is said, not a little tinged with romance, and the particulars of which old Lobé immediately entered in his interminable "Journal." The narrator stated that in one of the Queen's excursions about the neighbourhood of Madrid, the carriage happening to break down, Muños, who was of the escort, flying to her assistance, disengaged her from the fallen vehicle at the expense of a slight scratch on the hand. Her Majesty observing the accident, threw him her handkerchief *à l'orientale*, in order that he might staunch the flowing blood; the ensan-

guined cambric being duly treasured by the favoured guardsman, was subsequently produced at an opportune moment, and proved the means of securing to him the hand and heart of royalty!

The state of things in Syria also appeared to excite considerable interest, particularly from the share which the Commodore was taking in the business; his name being as it were identified with that of Lisbon;—reports had however been spread which caused me no little uneasiness, namely, that he had been defeated by Ibrahim Pasha, with the loss of the greater part of his force, whilst he himself had been wounded and taken prisoner. It appeared to be one of those vague indefinite rumours which, although they cannot be traced to any authentic source, still leave the mind in an unpleasant state of uncertainty as to their falsehood or correctness. It was whilst under such uncomfortable feelings, that I stood silently contemplating at the gangway the blue outline of St. Vincent's renowned Cape.

General Jones and the Marshal were

pacing the deck, when the latter stopping short and tapping me on the shoulder, said in the best and purest English,* "This is a proud spot for every Englishman who remembers the gallant Jarvis, and particularly for one bearing the name of Napier; it must have been about this very place, that my friend the Count gave the Miguelites such a dressing! But I see you are out of spirits from those foolish reports which have been spread abroad; you may rely on the word of an old soldier, they are without the least foundation. My friend did not study campaigning for nothing in the Peninsula, nor did he succeed in his soldiering expeditions against Valencia, Caminha and Viana,† to be at last beaten by a set of infidels in the Holy Land! And in this new crusade he will be as successful as he was on these very waters some seven years ago."

* Marshal Saldanha, who is married to an Irish lady is perfectly master of our language.

† Alluding to the Commodore's volunteering during the Peninsular war, when he was wounded at the battle of Busaco, and to his short and successful campaign in the north of Portugal in 1834.

The morning of the 25th of October disclosed to our view:—

"Fair Cadiz rising o'er the dark blue sea,"

with its long lines of white walls, its terraced roofs, and narrow though clean and shaded streets. After landing Marshal Saldanha and the Chevalier Lobé,—and with barely time to take a stroll to the magnificent though still unfinished Cathedral, we were again under weigh; soon passed Trafalgar's once-crimsoned waves; entered those far-famed straits, bounded by the columns of Hercules; and leaving on one side Tangiers, on the other Tarifa, were late that evening snugly anchored in the Bay of Gibraltar: thus bringing to a close one of the most pleasant and expeditious passages it had ever been my lot to make.

I had now safely got over the first stage of my journey, and though delighted at being once more amongst old friends and brother officers, still I looked out with anxiety for the arrival of the Malta packet, which would

at once bring some positive news of the state of affairs in Syria, and, on her immediate return, convey me still nearer to the scene of operations.

Nor was I kept long in suspense; for the Prometheus arrived on the following day, was to return to Malta in four-and-twenty hours, and brought news from the Levant, which completely set my mind at rest respecting the safety of the old Commodore.

The following extracts, from the Malta Times of the 15th of October, I sent home to my family, who were no doubt participating in the uneasiness I myself felt:—

"TAKING OF SIDON.

"The smartest affair is yet to be told to you. Commodore Napier, on Friday the 25th, talking with the Admiral, remarked that Sidon was not in our possession, and said to him: 'If you like I will go down and take it, and be back again in forty-eight hours.' He started, and was as good as his word. He had the Thunderer, Wasp,

Cyclops, Gorgon, and Hydra, with 800 Turks and 500 marines. On their way he fell in with the Stromboli from England, with a detachment of 200 marines: these he took with him; and after firing shot and shell at the town for a couple of hours he made a breach, and landed at the head of his men. It was a sharp struggle; but after destroying a great number of the enemy—who neither gave nor would receive quarter—they at last killed the Egyptian commander, who died *game:* with two marines' bayonets at his breast, he refused quarter, and still resisted; so they fired, and he of course died; when the troops threw down their arms to the amount of 500: 1500 were afterwards taken; and the whole 2000 have been brought round to the fleet at Djouni. I believe they will be sent to Cyprus.

"Napier was most daring: on the tops of the houses he made his way, waving his hat on the point of his sword, and cheering the men on. Our loss amounted to fifteen marines, killed and wounded; two mates badly wounded—Motley and Shears of the

Wasp; and a mate of the Revenge, with five seamen, one since dead; and one of the Thunderer's launches killed. A marine officer, who had only that moment arrived in the Stromboli, was killed in the breach; his name is Hockin; he had been serving on the coast of Spain: and I hear another was wounded. The Egyptians have returned from Tripoli; and we hold every place from thence to Acre, except Beyrout, the fortifications of which were destroyed by the fire of the line-of-battle ships. The Castor and Pique took Tyre; the Benbow, Carysfort, and Zebra are on the north coast; the Admiral, the Powerful, Revenge, Bellerophon, and Pique are near Djouni; Thunderer, Castor, and Wasp near Sidon; steamers here, there, and everywhere; Edinburgh and Hastings at Beyrout."

I concluded my extracts with the following paragraph in the same paper, headed,

"COMMODORE NAPIER.

"The perverse reasoning of men still persists in reducing all mankind to a level;

and a brave and intrepid officer like Napier, cast in the mould of Nelson, is insulted and vilified by a herd of Journalists.

"Such an officer is absolutely necessary to carry into execution bold and hazardous enterprises * * * * * but the Admiralty know their man; and the broad pendant of the Commodore will remain the noblest ornament of the British fleet in the Levant."

* * * * * * * *

If all my fire-side friends at home felt as much gratification as I experienced on perusing the above, they did not, I am sure, grudge the postage of the letter.

The Prometheus was to sail on the morning of the 28th: fortunately, however, not till after a grand brigade field-day, about to take place, out of compliment to Sir John Jones, and to enable him to see the whole force under arms. This sight I anticipated much pleasure in witnessing as a spectator; for though, during a long tour of garrison duty at Gibraltar, I had often taken an active part on such occasions—it is impos-

sible, under those circumstances, to view a large force with that care and attention which are only to be bestowed by a passive observer of the busy scene and all its actors.

To the military reader it may perhaps not be uninteresting to hear a few words of the garrison of Gibraltar, the troops of which,—not even excepting those of Dublin itself—are in a state of higher order and efficiency than those under any command in the British dominions: nor, taking the merits of the case into consideration, is this to be wondered at, the whole force being composed of regiments not only of active and young, but efficient and formed soldiers, who—after having had the advantage of freedom from garrison duties, which enabled them to devote the whole of their time to the details of drill and field exercise, whilst in country quarters in England and Ireland —receive their last finishing *polish* in the Phœnix Park at Dublin, and are thence sent out in the highest state of discipline, to occupy and defend, in case of need, our rocky fortress at Mount Calpe.

On the morning of the 28th of October 1840, the following force was assembled in quarter distance columns, on the smooth gravelled slope of the Alameda:—

A battalion of Artillery; the 1st Royals; 7th Fusileers; 33d, 46th, and 48th Regiments.

The morning was lovely, with a bright sun and a cloudless "Mediterranean" sky; but the huge mass towering over our heads, intercepted for a while the smiles of Phœbus, and buried the whole landscape under its mighty shadow. However, as the car of the God of Day, overtopping the high surmounting barrier of rock and crag, threw its radiance on, and was thrown back into a myriad of streams of sparkling rays from the glittering mass of polished bayonets below, whilst light and shade added their powerful effect to the scene, it presented to the stranger one of the most novel and interesting views that can be imagined.

First, under the hill—and embowered amidst the luxuriant foliage of the *alamo blanco, bella sombra,* and many other shrubs

and trees peculiar to their genial clime,—and mounted on their high-mettled Andalusian chargers, were to be seen the two Generals: Sir Alexander Woodford, and Sir John Jones,—both good specimens of Britain's veteran soldiers.

Surrounded by their brilliant staff, and environed by all the beauty and fashion of the Rock—the fair forms of the north, languidly reclining in their open britschkas—and Spain's dark-eyed daughters—whose lightning glances from amidst a partial screen of flowery geraniums, appeared more than a match for the glittering array of bayonets, opposed to their sharp and well sustained fire. From this favoured and commanding spot the chiefs had a full view of the noble force drawn out before them, and which only awaited their signal to be put in motion.

Availing myself of the privileges of a spectator, I took post in rear of the General. The word was given, the columns advanced, and as the five regimental bands simultaneously struck up; the different corps moved

off in succession, opened out at the first wheel, and slowly marched past with measured step, to the exciting sounds of this martial music.

Where such high discipline and military order every where prevailed, it may, perhaps, be considered invidious to make mention of any particular corps. But I cannot forbear to note the splendid appearance made on this occasion by the 33d regiment, with their gallant old colonel at its head,* decorated with the proud badge of Waterloo;—whilst his silver locks strangely contrasted with his erect and martial form, as he gracefully curvetted past on a handsome English charger, made him the very *beau ideal* of the British soldier, one who would gallantly lead his regiment into action, and bring it out again with credit to its country and itself.

Nor was my own corps, the 46th, amongst the last in this brilliant military display;

* Colonel Knight, probably one of the best officers in the service, who lately found a grave in the West Indies.

and,—in my no doubt partial eyes,—not a fault or blemish could be here found, from the grenadiers to the light company, from the commanding officer in front to the adjutant who brought up the rear, as they all successively passed under my scrutinizing gaze. But the Light Company!—that fine little body, which as a captain had once been my own peculiar charge, and which I ever regarded with an almost paternal feeling;—how splendidly did they then look and move!

Their step seemed if possible more elastic, their bearing, more upright; they shewed, in short, more of the cut of the smart "Light-Bob" than ever, even the bright red tufts* in their caps, appeared to wear a more brilliant and ensanguined hue, than I had e'er remembered. The officers marched past, and saluted in first-rate style. Captain

* The "red tuft," is the almost peculiar characteristic of the 46th Light Infantry, which earned the crimson feather during the first American war; and is, I believe, with a single exception, the only company in the service wearing this distinctive badge.

Zulchke's private signal was judiciously made, and as aptly taken up by his Lieutenants, Child and Maxwell; the swords were raised and dropped, and the left hands brought up to the peak of the cap as if by spontaneous impulse; but when the front rank with carried arms passed the General, as evenly dressed as a wall, and with the most regular cadence of step, he marked his satisfaction by saying, distinctly: "Well done, light company," and the grim smile which instantly wrinkled their captain's dark and bronzed features, convinced me that *he* also had heard and appreciated the compliment.

Quick time, in open column, next followed—then the force marched past in grand divisions, and lastly, at quarter distance; which was succeeded by a variety of evolutions, restricted chiefly to close column movements—as more adapted to the confined space of the Alameda—the narrow limits of which Sir Alexander Woodford, however, turns to account with such exquisite skill and generalship.

The field-day was concluded—the dif-

ferent regiments were marching off the ground to their respective barracks, while a thin, white vapoury line, indistinctly rising above the "New Mole," gave warning that the Prometheus was getting up her steam;* when, riding up to the General, I took leave of him and his Staff, who all wished me every success. On shaking hands with his sedate Aide-de-Camp, Henry Morritt, the latter put on a long face, saying, "Good bye, my dear fellow; but I'm sorry for you." "You be hanged!—what do you mean?" was my reply; and as I cantered gaily off, I heard him roaring after me, "why, you'll never come back—you're sure either to be shot or * * * ," but what other fate awaited me, I learnt not,—his prophetic voice being lost in the distance. I soon overtook my regiment, marching back in column of sections to their barracks, in the south,—and as I passed along their flank, had an opportunity of bidding a last

* Men-of-war are the only vessels allowed to remain at the new Mole, the anchorage for merchantmen and other craft being at the bottom of the bay.

adieu to many an old comrade, and receiving in return their best wishes for my success, whilst my valued and long-tried friends Captain Zulchke and Lieutenant Lacy, having obtained leave to "fall out," accompanied me on board the steamer.

I here found all my baggage under the charge of an old regimental servant, Mr. Keefe, a "raal" Pat, and no mistake. We had both taken the shilling at the same time, followed together the fortunes of the regiment for the last fifteen or sixteen years, and the poor fellow was now in despair at the idea of our separation. But everything was ready for a start, so after a little good advice to Keefe on the score of sobriety, and a last hearty shake of the hand from my old comrades, they sprang on the wharf, and as we paddled away, I could hear the former exclaim, in accents of unfeigned sorrow, "Arrah! and bad luck to my sowl! that the Major should go all alone by himself, among thim bloody hathens, and I not there to take care of his honor."*

* * * *

* This faithful and honest fellow, for many years my "factotum," had but one failing – an unconquerable

Omnipotent steam has now so completely destroyed the "glorious uncertainty" of navigation, with all its concomitant delays, occasioned by contrary winds, storms, currents, and calms, that what—some few years since, was considered a long and perilous voyage,—is now rendered a mere trip of pleasure, enhanced by the knowledge, almost to the hour, of its probable termination.

Not a breath of air stirred the cloudless atmosphere, nor a ripple disturbed the smooth surface of the Mediterranean, save *that* caused by our own progress through its glassy surface. As the Prometheus steamed along in her arrowy course, closely hugging the African shore, we passed in succession the white buildings of Algiers, with her

propensity to get drunk whenever he got his wages: for this offence I had turned the rascal off at least a dozen times, but he always succeeded in getting back to his old berth; and notwithstanding his making so free with his liquor at the Canteen, I must do him the justice to say, he never touched a drop of *mine*, although every key was in his possession. So much for private William Keefe, of the B company, 46th regiment.

neighbouring gardens and rising villas, the Bay of Tunis, Cape Bona, Pentellaria—and though Childe Harold

> Could not, in silence, pass Calypso's isles—
> The sister tenants of the middle deep,

we must take the liberty of so doing, briefly stating, that on the 1st of November, 1840, we entered the noble harbour of La Valetta, where my inquiries were immediately made as to the affairs of Syria.

I now learnt that the Commodore had, with a force of Turks and Mountaineers, defeated the Egyptians, headed by Ibrahim Pasha in person*—that the latter had retreated from the mountains of Lebanon—and that having effected this object, and that of distributing arms to the Maronites and Druses, the camp established at Djouni had been broken up; the marines re-embarked, and that the fleet was by the last accounts cruising off the coast, whilst strong

* In the actions on the heights of Boharsef and Kornetsheruan.

rumours were afloat of a meditated attack upon Acre.

Sir John Macdonald was quite right in his remark, that if I wished to catch the old Commodore, I had better lose no time; and notwithstanding the expedition I had used, all the fun was yet likely to be at an end before my arrival. Steam, fine weather, and good fortune had hitherto expedited my movements, nor did they appear disposed to desert me at the present pinch. Her Majesty's steam frigate Hydra, was to leave for the coast of Syria, on the 3rd of November. I immediately stated my case to Captain Robinson, her commander, and he most kindly offered me a passage.

I had one day to spare at Malta, and that was partly taken up by witnessing a review of the force, which happened then to take place on the Florian.* The regiments on the ground were, if I remember right, the 47th, 59th, 77th, 92nd, and the Malta Fencibles; all of whom acquitted themselves to

* A large open space outside La Valetta, of which it is the "Phœnix Park."

the satisfaction of Sir Henry Bouverie, and with credit to themselves and their commanding officers.

Concluding the day on the 2nd of November at the mess of my old friends of the 77th regiment, I found myself next morning on board the Hydra, and rapidly approaching the classic shores of Sidon, Tyre, and Ptolemais, the scene of Scriptural records and deeds of chivalry—Palestine—The Holy Land.

CHAP. II.

THE RUINS OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

"But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

THREE short weeks had scarce elapsed since leaving the green fields and peaceful shores of old England, when, on first setting foot on Syria's "land of roses,"* we were

* In the notes to Moore's Lalla Rookh, we read: "Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from *Suri*, a beautiful and delicate rose, for which that country has been always famous; hence Suristan, or 'Land of Roses.'" The name of Syria is, however, unknown to its present inhabitants, who call the country "Barrah Sham." Volney supposes this appellation to mean the country of the *Left*, in contradistinction to "Yemen,"

at once greeted by the above sickening sights, —the sad and revolting remnants of all the "pomp and circumstance of war." The Atlantic and Mediterranean had been in vain traversed with arrowy speed,—for we arrived just in time to be too late. Acre had fallen, and the famed Ptolemais—the Accho of Scripture—presented now, for the most part, a mere shapeless mass of smoking ruins, saturated and still reeking with human gore, strewed with the bodies of men and animals, and bearing undeniable evidence to all the horrors of a recent bombardment.

We had, however, been prepared for our disappointment, by falling in, two days before, with Her Majesty's steamer Phœnix, taking the above intelligence to Malta; and shortly afterwards we spoke the Talbot,

or country of the *Right*, a province of Arabia; but شمال (Shumal), and not Sham, means the left. The etymology of the word may, therefore, be as appropriately traced to "Barriah é- Sham," "Plains or deserts of Damascus," which last place is by the Arabs invariably called "Sham."

crowded with Egyptian prisoners, whom she was conveying to Constantinople.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 9th of November, we came in sight of Mount Carmel, and were shortly afterwards at anchor in the Bay of Acre, where we found the Princess Charlotte, bearing the flag of Sir Robert Stopford, with the Rodney, the Benbow, the Pique, the Hazard, and Stromboli; whilst the poor little Wasp (an old Gibraltar acquaintance) looked very sorry and forlorn in her present dismasted condition.

To my great annoyance, I learnt that the Commodore had sailed for Beyrout, in the Powerful, only the previous evening. However, on going on board the flag-ship, and stating my case, I met with every civility from Sir Robert,* who kindly promised to forward me immediately to my destination by the Hydra; and, whilst she was getting up her steam, Captain Robinson and myself

* The Author gladly avails himself of this opportunity of acknowledging the courteous behaviour and kind attention he has on various occasions experienced from the gallant old Admiral.

gladly availed ourselves of the kind offer of Captain Fanshawe, of the flag-ship, to accompany us on shore, and give us a sight of the still smoking ruins, with the details of the manner in which that once proud fortress had been reduced to so lamentable a condition.

The bombardment and capture of Acre have been too often described* for me to detain the reader by recapitulating what he must already be fully acquainted with; I will, therefore, only now relate what I myself witnessed; and as description is generally most faithful when made on the spot, the annexed copy of a letter, written at the time, may be preferable to a more elaborate sketch of the state of Acre, a few days after its evacuation by the Egyptians.†

* For the details of this event, *vide* Hunter's "Expedition to Syria," and Commodore Napier's "War in Syria."

† In the course of these Volumes, the Author will, when opportunity offers, give *verbatim* copies of such letters as he wrote at the time and on the spot he describes, or extracts from a journal he kept during his visit to the Holy Land.

St. Jean d'Acre, 9th Nov., 1840,
On board the Hydra, about leaving for Beyrout.

My dear . . . . . ,—Whilst the scenes I have just witnessed are fresh in my memory, I shall endeavour to describe to you what I have beheld. My last few lines were dated the day before yesterday. I had just gone into the gun-room, in the evening, to have a cup of tea, when the roll of the drum summoned us to quarters, and we all bundled up on deck to see what was the matter. It turned out not to be an enemy, but the Phœnix, taking home an account of the capture of Acre; and, as you may well fancy, we all *blessed* our ill luck in being thus too late for the fun. As the newspapers giving the details of the business have already probably reached England, I will not trouble you with a repetition, but merely relate what I witnessed myself.

We arrived here this morning at daybreak, and, much to my disappointment, I found that the Powerful had sailed yesterday evening for Beyrout. I met with the greatest civility and attention from the Admiral;

and it was decided that I should go on to the latter place in the Hydra; and, whilst she was getting up her steam, her commander, Captain Robinson, and myself, went on shore with Captain Fanshawe, who undertook to shew us the lions. "War, bloody war," may look very pretty on paper, and "glory" sounds very fine; but, to appreciate the effects of the former, I would recommend Monsieur Thiers, or my Lord Palmerston to moralize for an hour amidst the fragments of Acre, amusing themselves in the meanwhile by raking out the half-putrid remains of mortality from under the still reeking and smouldering ruins, and then see with what *gusto* they could either sit down to dinner, or pen a despatch on the subject.

We landed on the south side of the fortifications, which had been exposed to the fire of the Turkish ships, and the smaller craft of the English fleet, where the ramparts presented spectacles which astonished us. On entering the sallyport, immense heaps of muskets, guarded by a party of our marines, were the first trophies that met our view.

These were the arms which had been given up by the Egyptians. Then the ramparts themselves, crumbling to ruin—pierced everywhere with shot,—the guns dismounted, fractured, and split,—merlons upset,—embrasures filled with *décombres*,—piles of shot, including chain and bar,—with others still sticking in those parts of the ramparts which had been taken in reverse, with ever and anon a wide splash of dark-coloured hardened gore, against some part of the ramp,—or a dismantled gun-carriage, spattered with brains and blood, told the fearful tale of death and destruction. As we advanced, breastworks of sand-bags, straw-baskets, containing earth, and traverses of timber whose interstices were filled with rubbish, shewed that the science of defence had not been totally neglected, and led to the conclusion, that probably the French "Genie" had not here been idle. However, *this*, of course, is mere conjecture.*

* And proved a wrong guess, as it was a Polish engineer, named Schultz, who directed the construction of these defences, and lost an arm during the bombardment.

As we advanced towards the western defences, we overtopped the casemated barracks and square, protected by the line wall, and now only tenanted by a few poor Egyptian women,—who, huddled up in a corner, and shrouded in their veils, appeared to be mourning over their desolate condition —numerous carcases of donkeys, and a few Turkish soldiers, who were already quietly smoking the pipe of repose; whilst parties of English sailors were busily collecting all the shot they could pick up to take on board their respective ships—which, I should before have stated, consist of the Princess Charlotte, (the Admiral),-the Rodney, and Benbow, (liners); the Pique, the Hazard, the Wasp, (dismasted;) and the Stromboli steamer. We now reached the part of the fortifications (the western face), which had been exposed to the fire of the Princess Charlotte, and Powerful, who had given as good an account of their share of the work as their friends to the southward. Turning next to the east, we went along the land face, where we witnessed the commencement

of the most formidable works in that direction; evidently constructed by able engineers; then descending into the town, and passing numerous magazines and depôts of all manner of ordnance, we entered the area of the chief mosque, but even the house of Allah had not been respected, as was evinced by its crumbling minars and tottering walls. We next proceeded to the hospital: here a melancholy sight presented itself—the wards were filled with sick and wounded, though in a much cleaner state and better order than I could have expected; but in the verandah, we beheld the ghastly sight of ten or twelve bodies, some badly lacerated, others dreadfully emaciated, and undergoing the process of being sewed up in canvass, preparatory to burial; while one sturdy fellow, with tucked-up sleeves, was busily employed in cleaning the corpses, and a barber was as assiduously engaged in shaving the crowns of the convalescents—which last circumstance, in the midst of this scene of death, presented to us, to say the least, rather a novel spectacle!

From hence we proceeded to view the locality of the grand explosion, which was probably the principal cause of the garrison evacuating the place, and it certainly exceeded anything I could have conceived possible. For a space of about 400 yards in diameter, where once stood the magazine, all now is bare—the very fragments of stone and masonry appear as if ground to dust by the terrific shock. The only object which seems to have escaped destruction is the stem of a solitary date tree, whose "leaf-crowned head," still gracefully waves amidst the surrounding desolation, so forcibly manifested in the very air we breathe, charged as it is with the effluvia arising from the mouldering remains of poor humanity, now trodden under our feet:—

> "And, oh! to see th' unburied heaps
> On which the lonely moonlight* sleeps;
> The very vultures turn away,
> And sicken at so foul a prey."

And it was certainly remarkable that although human legs and arms were to be

* Read—"glaring sunshine."

seen in abundance shooting up through the *décombres*, whilst the bodies of horses, camels, and donkeys, strewed the adjacent grounds, not even one of those scavengers of the East, the half wild and wandering dog of the bazaar, was to be seen partaking of the genial feast. The effect of the explosion was most awful, as, besides the clearing above mentioned, it forced part of the battlements into the fosse, and appeared to have lifted up bodily several towers of the most solid construction. The mischief it occasioned is astounding, the number of deaths caused by it being reckoned at about fifteen hundred. Besides this, a second *blow-up* took place two days after, when the allies were in occupation of the town; this last catastrophe was occasioned by a smaller magazine, which took fire from the still smouldering ruins, and was attended with fatal effects to many; amongst the sufferers was Captain Collier, of the Castor, who, after so gallantly placing his frigate under the batteries, and escaping unscathed from the enemy's shot and shell, was now fated,

in a most unsatisfactory manner, to have his leg broken by a falling fragment; two officers of the Princess Charlotte, who were at the time standing in the vicinity, were slightly hurt. Sir Charles Smith had just bought a horse, and was engaged in examining his purchase, when the animal was killed under his hands, and he was wounded in the foot. To this moment live shells are strewed thickly amongst the ruins, with whose fragments the ground is covered, as likewise with shot and missiles of all descriptions: but every thing is being put in order as expeditiously as possible: nearly all the dead bodies have been buried, and as we passed, the carcases of different animals,—camels, donkeys, &c.—were in the act of being removed to be burnt or otherwise disposed of. But, having given you your fill of horrors, I shall now conclude; therefore, for the present adieu.

P.S.—I had nearly forgotten to mention, that, from the battlements on the land side, I saw plainly the elevation called "the Lion's Mound," from Richard Cœur de Lion

having had his tent pitched on this locality. I imagine our lion-hearted monarch would be not a little surprised could he see the nature of the booty that has been made in the shape of arms and ammunition at *this* taking of Acre. The open space before the casemated barracks, near the western wall, is literally crowded with splendid brass ordnance—I could not count their number, whilst on entering the southern sallyport, we came, as I have already stated, on immense heaps of muskets (many of them of French construction, others bearing the Tower mark), which were being distributed to the natives of the neighbouring country, who came with professed intentions of hostility against the Egyptians. Amongst these, some were pointed out to us as inhabitants of the hills in the vicinity; others, as wandering Arabs from the adjacent plains of Sharon and Esdraëlon; a few of the men of the latter tribes were fine athletic-looking fellows, armed with the lance, pistols, and dagger, and wearing cloaks somewhat resembling the Barbary haick, with a most peculiar head-

dress, formed of a thick rope of twisted camel's hair, encircling the head, and confining thereon a scarf which hangs gracefully down over the shoulders. The small number of women we saw appeared to have accompanied these people, and looked as wild and savage as their male associates: their only habiliment consisted of a blue chemise, with a black bourkah, or veil, which, fastening beneath the eyes, covered the whole face and mouth; but, from a glimpse I got at the countenance of one nymph, I should not pronounce these "maids of the Desert," to be quite houris in point of loveliness. The lady whose unveiled charms I had a peep at, was of a deep sooty copper colour, tattooed over the face with blue, and her lips being dyed of the same colour, looked like anything but "ripe cherries;" the eyes, however, were large, dark, expressive, and full of fire.*

I met several of my old Osmanli acquaintance—the Turkish soldiers—not at all im-

* The women here alluded to belonged to the Bedawee, or wandering tribes of Arabs.

proved in appearance by active service, but smoking their chibouques with as much nonchalance as if in their barracks at Scutari. It is to me only a matter of surprise how the Commodore could have done anything with such a lubberly set of rascals. But I must get on deck to view Tyre, Sidon, and all this far-famed coast, whilst the declining sun still lights up the scene, ere he disappear amidst the vast "world of waters, fast rising to engulf him."

* * * * *

After making the tour of the place, by proceeding along the line wall, and witnessing the full results of the "gunnery practice" of Her Majesty's ship Excellent,* we descended into the now bare and open space, where had once stood the principal magazine, the explosion of which produced effects it would be impossible to describe, are scarcely to be imagined, and of which, therefore, the above sketch gives but a very faint

* The walls of Acre afforded the first opportunity of testing the "excellent" instructions of Sir Thomas Hastings.

and feeble idea. The adjacent buildings had not only been levelled with the ground, but in a surrounding area of many hundred yards, not even a fragment of their ruins was visible, save what have been pulverized into the minutest particles; whilst several massively-built stone towers out of the more immediate influence of the shock, were rent and riven in every direction, and part of the solid battlements carried bodily into the ditch; along with which, appeared to have been hurled in a common destruction, men, camels, horses, and donkeys.* And although most of the bodies of the former had been removed, masses of fast-putrefying animal substances, began already to taint the clear atmosphere with the most dreadful effluvia.

* Never did I before see such an assemblage of the asine tribe, and never was the assertion of Mr. Sam Weller (of Pickwick notoriety), more completely belied; for, although, perhaps, not a single dead "post-boy" was here to be met with, defunct "jackasses" were lying about thick as leaves in "Valombrosa's vale;" and it is rather puzzling to imagine how so many of the long-eared generation could have found employment at Acre.

Nor was the havoc caused in this fated town confined alone to the effects of the explosion; our shot and shells had committed devastation to such an extent, as will require both considerable time and great cost to repair; and it is rather nervous work to thread one's way amidst the live shells thickly scattered about, resting on the still hot and smouldering ruins, or to step over the numerous subterranean magazines, which from one moment to another, might have sent us on an aerial expedition of not the most pleasant nature.*

In addition to the heaps of muskets already alluded to, an immense quantity of brass ordnance of every calibre was lying scattered about in various parts of the town, whilst sentries had been posted over many magazines supposed to contain large stores of ammunition.

Crossing the scene of the "Grand Catas-

*. Nearly two months subsequent to this date, a partial explosion took place, of one of these subterranean magazines, being the third accident of the kind since the capture of the place.

trophe," we visited the hospital, the mosque, and fountain, constructed by Achmet, better known in Europe during his co-operation with our gallant countryman Sir Sydney Smith, as Djezzar Pasha, of sanguinary notoriety. We also went through what a few days before had been the covered bazaar, then securely roofed in, but now in ruins, open, abandoned, and exposed to the influence of wind, rain, and sunshine; however, not only the labours of the blood-thirsty butcher—for such is the meaning of the term "Djezzar"—but also the works and edifices raised by his predecessor Daher, had more or less suffered during the bombardment.

As the latter had the merit of resuscitating the town of Acre from its previous ruined and miserable state, and as his name is as yet little known amongst us in Europe, a few words relating to his government, together with a hasty sketch of the events which have befallen that place up to the present time, will perhaps not be uninteresting to the

reader, whose historical recollections it may tend to refresh.

Acre is the *Accho* of Scripture, which is mentioned* as being a place from whence the tribe of Asher could not expel the Canaanites.

The Jewish historian, Josephus,† in enumerating the inhabitants of Canaan, says they were, "Sidonians, who also built a city of the same name: it is called by the Greeks, Sidon; Amathus, inhabited by the Amathines, which is even now called 'Amathe' by the inhabitants, although the Macedonians named it Epaphamis from one of his posterity. Arudens possessed the island of Aradus; Arucas possessed *Acre*, which is in Libanus."

However, at this remote period, Tyre and Sidon constituting the chief marts of commerce on the Syrian coast, Accho, called *Actipus*,‡ was for many ages little known or mentioned in history, and only rose, after the death of Alexander the Great,

* Judges, ch. i. v. 31.

† Josephus; Antiquities, b. v. ch. 6. ‡ Ibid. ch. 1.

to that importance which it subsequently attained on being aggrandised and embellished by the first Ptolemy, whence it assumed the name of Ptolemaïs.

Taken and retaken more than once during the Crusades, it was one of the last places possessed in the Holy Land by the Knights of St. John and the Templars, nearly the whole of the latter in Palestine being destroyed in their last obstinate, though unavailing defence of this fortress; upon its fall, the staunch supporters of the Cross retired to the Island of Rhodes, and abandoned to the Infidels a land on which, for so many years, had been uselessly expended oceans of blood and heaps of treasure.

On the expulsion of the Christians in 1291, Acre fell into the hands of the Mameloukes, and was held by them till 1517, when it was captured by the Turks, who allowed it to go to decay; and in 1696, the place is mentioned by Maundrell as being then completely in ruins.

It remained in this condition until the Aga who held it with a small Turkish gar-

rison, was, in 1749, expelled by the enterprising Bedouin chief, named Daher, the head of some of those Arab tribes which wander through the "Ghor," or valley of the Jordan, and who, at the advanced age of sixty-three, took possession of Acre by a sudden coup-de-main; thereby opening a channel to external commerce with his already extensive possessions, which now stretched from the coast to the Sea of Galilee, including within these limits the considerable towns of Saffed and Tiberias.*

Daher's first object was to soften the ire of the Porte, to reconcile the Divan to this his rebellious and daring undertaking, and by dint of considerable bribes, and promises of future submission, together with an increased yearly tribute, he succeeded in conciliating a power, not over particular in exacting complete submission from its remote vassals, particularly when the latter, as in the present case, were rich and powerful, and moreover willing to contribute their quantum to the "Sublime" Treasury.

* Vide Pocock's Travels, vol. iii. p. 204.

Being thus, for the time, left in undisturbed possession of Acre, Daher next proceeded, by fortifying the place, to enable himself to retain his late acquisition, in the event of an attempt at expulsion on the part of the Turks—and as early as 1750 he constructed a fortified palace at the northern angle of the sea line, protected the harbour by the erection of stone bastions, and inclosed the town on the land side by a wall, which, although of no great strength in itself, secured him against any unexpected or sudden attempt on the part of the enemy; for in that light were still, in reality, to be considered those satraps of the Sultan, the Pashas of Aleppo and Damascus.

Daher, when at last firmly established in his new possession, turned his views to commerce and agriculture; he encouraged European traders to settle in his capital, and drained the neighbouring plains, which, though naturally fertile, had, through carelessness and neglect, become pestilential marshes. Having brought these extensive tracts under cultivation, his next care was

to protect the peasantry from the inroads of his former brethren, the wandering Arabs of the Desert; and this he effected by forming alliances with their remotest tribes, whom he encouraged to frequent Acre, for the purpose of trade and barter: and for the first time, these children of Ishmael,—the wild sons of Hanadieh and Saqr,—leaving their boundless sandy wilderness, astonished, by their savage and bronzed appearance, the more civilized inhabitants of Palestine, to whom, in exchange for fire-arms, ammunition, and some of the commodities of domestic life, they brought their high-mettled Arab steeds and hardy enduring camels.

The Turks, seeing with uneasiness the increasing power and improvements of Daher, took the first opportunity of engaging in hostilities against him. However, the Sheikh* of Acre, strengthened by the alliance of the Egyptian Mamelouke, Ali Bey, and seconded by a Russian squadron, defeated, in 1772,

* The Arab term Sheikh implies: Chieftain or principal man, as "Sheikh el Belled," the head man of the town or village.

within a few miles of his capital, the united force of the Turks and Druses, and, following up his success, so completely intimidated the latter that he brought them over to his party, and concluded an alliance with their Emir, Joussouf, the Grand Prince of Lebanon. He next purchased the assistance of the Russians. Beyrout was by them bombarded in 1773, the Turkish garrison driven out, and its Commandant, the subsequently-notorious Achmet Djezzar Pasha, taken prisoner, and conveyed to Acre; from whence he shortly afterwards escaped.

The Porte, incapable of effecting anything by open force against its rebellious vassal, next had recourse to bribery and intrigue, and in 1775, having concluded peace with the Russians, and engaged Mohammed, a powerful Mamelouke Bey, to undertake against Acre an expedition by land, the celebrated Hassan Capudan, commanding the Turkish fleet, invested the place by sea; when Daher, abandoned by his children, and betrayed by his allies, was murdered, in the 90th year of his age, and terminated his ad-

venturous career whilst attempting to effect his escape from that fortress.

Achmet Djezzar was now installed by Hassan into the Government of Acre, which, under his successors, Solyman and Abdallah, remained in subjection to the Porte until its capture, in 1832, by Ibrahim Pasha.

The invasion of Syria by the French, in 1799, and our relations with Djezzar Pasha, during the defence of Acre by Sir Sydney Smith,* have made us tolerably well acquainted with all the circumstances of Djezzar's government, which lasted till 1803, when he was succeeded by Solyman Pasha, whose successor Abdallah, after endless intrigues—alliances with the Grand Prince of the Mountains—quarrels and reconciliations with the Pasha of Damascus,—at last excited the serious anger of the Sultan, by a most nefarious transaction; considered the more so by the Sublime Porte, as immediately affecting its pecuniary interest.

In 1823, having despatched the accustomed tribute of his province to Constanti-

* See Note at the end of this volume.

nople, he secretly caused the messengers who were bearers of this treasure to be assassinated on their way thither, and, whilst he imputed the blame of this action to the Pasha of Latakia, he replaced in his own coffers the amount with which these unfortunate people had been intrusted.

This piece of villany was too palpable to deceive the Porte, which required as an atonement the head of Abdallah. The latter, however, shut himself up in Acre, and set at defiance the united Pashas of Damascus, Aleppo, and Adana, who had been sent against him. However, fearing the approach of a Turkish fleet, which might have cut off his supplies, he at last, through the intercession of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, obtained a pardon, with the infliction, however, of a fine of three thousand purses,* and the penalty of making good all the expenses incurred during the war.

Affairs remained in this state, and Abdallah continued in his government, until the

* Each purse of the value of 500 piastres, or about £5.

beginning of 1831, when becoming again embroiled with the Porte, the latter called upon the Viceroy of Egypt to chastise the refractory Pasha; and Mehemet Ali was but too glad of an opportunity of interfering in the affairs of Syria, having, moreover, a private pique against Abdallah, from the latter having afforded refuge to numbers of the Egyptian Fellahs, who had fled from the severe oppression of their tyrannical ruler. He immediately sent his son, Ibrahim Pasha, with an army of forty thousand men, to capture Acre, which the latter effected in the month of May, 1832, after a tedious siege of eight months.*

Having once crossed the Rubicon, Ibra-

* "L'odeur infecte des champs de bataille nous annonçait le voisinage d'Acre; nous n'étions plus qu'à un quart d'heure de ses murs. C'est un monceau de ruines; les dômes des mosquées sont percés à jour, les murailles crenelées d'immenses brèches, les tours écroulées dans le port; elle venait de subir un siège d'un an, et d'être importée d'assaut par les quarante mille héros d'Ibrahim." (Lamartine, Voyage en Orient, p. 135.) Little did the French author imagine, when writing the above, that the very counterpart of this description would again become applicable in the short space of eight years!

him was not the man to be arrested by trifles. Acre remained in the possession of Mehemet Ali, Syria became an Egyptian province, and the Allied Powers,—with what wisdom remains yet to be seen,—undertook to prop up the decayed and tottering fragments of the Ottoman Empire, by that active interference which led to the event of which we were then contemplating the mournful results.

* * * *

Fully satiated with sights of misery and destruction, oppressed with heat and fatigue, and sickened with the noxious effluvia which infected the air, we were not sorry, after rambling for two or three hours amongst the ruins of Acre, to return on board; when but little time was afforded us for the farther contemplation of this thrice exalted trophy of British valour; from the days of the Crusades, of Richard and Prince Edward, to those of the gallant Sydney Smith, and the still more recent achievements of Admirals Stopford and Walker, and Commodore Napier.

The steam being up, and every thing ready for a start, turning her head to the northward, the Hydra was soon rapidly gliding past that cradle of navigation, the shores of the "Sister Cities:" full of the associations recalled by the names of Pygmalion, of Hiram, of Dido and Alexander; we passed the "Mother of Carthage;" and Sidon was barely discernible, as darkness cast her mantle over the scene, and mingling in one confused mass Mar Elias, the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, the gentle slopes leading to Lebanon, and the cloud-capped mountains themselves, left us to prosecute in obscurity, the remainder of our voyage, which came to a close when the numerous surrounding lights proclaimed us at last amidst the shipping anchored off Beyrout.

November 10*th.* Turning out early, I was shortly on board the Powerful, where I met with a cordial reception from the Commodore, and all my old shipmates;* when

*The Author, on a previous occasion, having taken a cruize of three or four months on board the Powerful.

the former acquainted me that Sir Charles Smith, lately returned from Constantinople, had resumed the command of the troops;* and recommending me to offer my services to the General, he proposed after breakfast, to accompany me to Beyrout, where Sir Charles had established his head-quarters. In the meantime, I adjourned to the ward-room, and had many a tough yarn from my old messmates, of what had befallen them since we last parted, together with all the details of the Commodore's soldiering exploits: his camp at Djouni; his capture of Sidon; and his attacks on the Egyptian positions at Kornetsherouan and Boharsef; for full particulars of all which, I beg the reader will refer to "Hunter's Expedition to Syria," or the Commodore's own volumes, "The War in Syria."

Although I had previously heard the landing at Djouni fully described, and the *ruse* by which the Commodore had misled the Egyptians, as to the intended point of de-

* Colonel Sir Charles Smith had then the local rank of Brigadier-General.

barkation, often extolled, still, until I had seen the localities, which from the present anchorage of the Powerful, were full in view, I had but an indistinct idea on the subject. Whilst, therefore, the Commodore is performing a hasty toilette, preparatory to his morning meal, I will, with the reader's permission, endeavour to give some account of this interesting position.

Beyrout (Βηρος) the ancient Berytus, a colony of Sidon, and afterwards, under the Roman dominion, known as "Julia Felix,"* is situated between the 33rd and 34th degrees of North latitude, in a bight of the coast formed by a projecting point, called "Ras, or Cape Beyrout;—from whence a sandy range of hillocks runs in an easterly direc-

* Vide Josephus, Antiq. B. xvi. c. 2. He mentions it as "a city belonging to the Romans," and as the place where Alexander and Aristobulus, the sons of Herod the Great and of Mariamne, were tried and condemned. Ulpian says (De Cuis. bel. L. T. xv.) "The Colony of Berytus was rendered famous by the benefits of Cæsar;"—and among the coins of Augustus, some are met with bearing the inscription, "The happy Colony of Augustus at Berytus."

tion, until it terminates in the gently undulating slopes rising to the southward of the town, and which always present the most beautiful and verdant appearance, covered, as they are, by flowering gardens and orchards, of bright coloured mulberry trees, amidst which the town seems to spring up from an ocean of verdure, and has the appearance of being embedded in the greenest and coolest of bowers. This impression is greatly enhanced by the strong contrast presented by the desert aspect of the red and arid sands, extending to the verge of the promontory;—on which nought is to be seen, save the tall column-like date-tree of the wilderness, with its bare scaly stem and canopy of drooping leaves. From our anchorage in St. George's Bay, little of the town itself was visible, except the high minars of the Mosques, and the summits of the two Castles standing at the entrance of the small harbour, both of which appeared to have suffered considerably from the shot and shells of the Allied fleet; but they still proudly reared their grey time-worn heads

above the surrounding landscape, and overlooked the Lazaret, which, standing on some high ground to the eastward of the town, served at present, as a barrack for part of the Turkish troops, and some Albanian deserters.

Muskets were, at this moment, in the act of being landed at the latter spot from the vessels in St. George's Bay; and, as the mountaineers were served out with them in succession, they might be seen winding in groups over the old stone bridge which crosses the river called the "Nahar-é-Beyrout." While trying by frequent discharges, the efficiency of their newly acquired property, they, with loud and joyous shouts gradually disappeared behind the tall reeds lining each side of the road which leads to the range of Lebanon, and passes near that Chapel dedicated to St. George, whose site is said by the natives, and religiously believed to be the battle field on which Britain's tutelar Saint encountered and slew his fearful antagonist the Dragon.

Facing the shore from St. George's Bay,

the eye, after scanning the low, level, and highly cultivated ground to the eastward of the Beyrout river, and running along the silver margin of a smooth sandy beach,—rests on the numerous boats of the fleet, watering at the small brook called the "Năhăr-Antoun-Elias," behind which abruptly rises the Lebanon, in all its confused, yet magnificent grandeur:—but we will not at present attempt the description of these towering heights, midway up whose sides may be seen, lazily reposing, heavy dense masses of clouds and vapour, whilst, far above the influence of the storm, of the rolling thunder, or the lightning's flash, and piercing the clear azure of heaven, like giants o'ertopping the chaos of lesser mountains which dwindle into insignificance at their feet, arise the dazzling snow-capped peaks of the Sunneen and Knessi.

We have already remarked that a smooth and sandy beach stretches along the margin of St. George's Bay; but as it sweeps round in a northerly direction, the encroaching mountain, in rugged beetling cliffs, abruptly

frowns over the sea, whose waves lash and undermine its time-worn base; and, along the perpendicular side of the precipice, has been, from time immemorial, deeply scarped out, the only road leading along the coast, and constituting the narrow and easily defended pass of the "Nāhār-el-Khelb," or "Dog River;" to which torrent it descends by a steep declivity cut into steps from the solid rock.

Consequently, this is the only road by which a force from Beyrout can reach Djouni, a small hamlet situated on the promontory between two and three miles north of the Dog River, ten or twelve miles from Beyrout, and the spot at which the Commodore determined on effecting a landing to communicate with the Mountaineers, cause a diversion in their favour, and serve them out with arms and ammunition. By a well devised feint,* he, on the 10th of September, drew out the Egyptian force towards "Ras-é-Beyrout," (to the west of the town,) when, after amusing them with a few shells, he suddenly

* Vide Hunter's Expedition to Syria, chap. i. p. 13.

steamed across the bay, landed the allied force without opposition at Djouni, and immediately entrenched himself on the neighbouring promontory.

This decisive step was attended with all the success he had anticipated:—the Commodore's broad pendant flying from the top of an old Roman building, which occupied the most commanding spot in the camp, became the rallying point of the Mountaineers, who flocked thither for muskets, powder and ball, with which they soon rendered good service against the common enemy; whilst, to the landing at Djouni may likewise be attributed the affairs of the 24th of September, and 10th of October, at Kornetsherouan and Boharsef, which had so demoralizing an effect on the Egyptian army.

It was from Djouni, the "Head Quarters of the army of Lebanon," that the expedition was undertaken against Sidon,* and, on the

* Hunter, in his otherwise accurate description of the Expedition to Syria, calls the latter action, that of Cornichrouan, which evidently means the affair of the 24th of September, and not that of the 10th of October, where Ibrahim was present in person. Vide vol. i. chap. 5. of "Expedition to Syria."

3rd of October, that the reconnoissance on Acre took place. The Commodore, aware of the transitory nature of his command, was, no doubt, anxious to take time and opportunity by the forelock, and was meditating an attack on Ibrahim Pasha's new position at Zachlé, and a forward movement on Damascus,* when he was frustrated in his intended operations, and arrested in the midst of a hitherto successful career, by the return of Sir Charles Smith, who, of course, immediately resumed the direction of the operations by land.

* The Egyptian position at Zachlé in the plain of Baalbec, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, was subsequently found to be quite untenable; but whether it would have been prudent to have crossed the Boccāh to the level country between the foot of the Anti-Lebanon and Damascus, with Turkish infantry in face of the Egyptian cavalry, is a problem still unresolved. The Commodore, on this point, intended to have been entirely guided by circumstances, supposing always his attempt on Zachlé had been attended with success.

CHAP. III.

WINTER QUARTERS AT BEYROUT.

"Over the broad, and ever heaving ocean,
Had sail'd the stranger for the Holy Land,
Beside whose border, now, in deep emotion
He watches, pouring on the Syrian strand,
The wave of silver o'er the golden sand,
The blended azure of the sea and sky,
The blooming Eden by the zephyr fann'd,
The fields of promise, which before him lie,
And *Lebanon* in light ethereal thron'd on high."

PEEL'S CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

A PULL of about three miles from St. George's Bay,—during which we threaded the British and Austrian squadrons, and passed many country vessels lazily rolling at anchor, and filled with Egyptian prisoners,—brought us safely to the Custom-house stairs at Beyrout. The first thing that here met our view, was a couple of field-pieces facing the sea, and guarded by a small party of the Royal Artillery, who presented a strong and marked contrast to the sur-

rounding rabble of Turkish soldiers—Syrian towns-people—swarthy Bedouins, and fierce looking Mountaineers—all armed to the teeth—and all in bustle and confusion;—having apparently nothing to do, but to give vent to those strong guttural sounds, in the Arabic language, which jar so strangely on the ear of the stranger.

Never was the confusion of Babel better exemplified than in the scene presented at that time by the Port of Beyrout—Naval Officers in cocked hats—English tars, and Austrian marines—filthy Turkish soldiers with their slouching gait, and the large and graceless fez drawn over their besotted and unmeaning countenances—Druses and Maronites with their rich and gaudy dresses—the large turban, flowing cloak, and loose silken drawers—whilst the girdle contained a perfect armoury of weapons,—all hurrying to and fro—strings of ungainly camels, some kneeling to their loads, and uttering that plaintive cry, peculiar to the "Ship of the Desert," when bowing before its intended burden—which, in the present instance, ap-

peared to consist of large sacks of grain that were being landed for the consumption of the troops—all this gives but a faint idea of the confused and noisy crowd through which we succeeded in elbowing our way, and it was not until after our escape from such a hubbub, that on entering a gloomy, steep, and narrow street between two walls of high and massively-built houses, we were at last enabled to speak and breathe, with a certain degree of ease and freedom.

From the "raw head and bloody bones" tales of the *destruction* of Beyrout by the Allies, contained in the French papers;—of the "ruines fumantes," "amas de décombres," "ruisseaux de sang," &c. &c. therein recorded, I had expected at least to have seen a second edition of Acre. Great, therefore, was my surprise on beholding the town perfectly uninjured, either by shot or shell —and in fact, its extraordinarily massive construction would render it no easy matter to do it any very serious damage. It is true that the Castles at the entrance of the harbour had been rather touched up by our

broadsides, and that the houses belonging to some of the European Consuls adjoining the water's edge had also met with a similar fate, but with these solitary exceptions, the good town of "Berytus" appeared to have escaped unscathed from the horrors of war, and the destruction usually attendant on a bombardment.

The narrow streets, the high walls, trelissed windows, and terraced roofs, forcibly reminded me that I was in the East,—the land of jealousy and suspicion,—but the massive nature of the architecture, composed of huge blocks of solid stone, (which peculiarity was also observable at Acre,) offered a strong and marked contrast to the flimsy wooden buildings, and gingerbread kiosks of the cities of Turkey and Asia Minor.* One feature, however, was common to both, viz. the excessive filth every where prevail-

* May this massive style of architecture of the towns in Syria not be traced to the times of the Crusades? Beyrout was then a dependency of the Counts of Tripoli, and yet, strange to say, the natives appear quite ignorant that an European force ever before visited their country: no tradition being extant to that effect.

ing, and which may always be taken as a sure index of Mahomedan rule and dominion.

The gloomy narrow streets are paved with large flat stones, which renders it a work of some danger and difficulty to traverse on horseback their smooth and sliding surface; but, probably with the view of obviating this inconvenience, and avoiding the risk and annoyance of your horse's feet slipping up occasionally under you—the option is left of guiding his footsteps in the narrow drain or gutter deeply sunk through the centre of the alley, and the universal receptacle of all the filth thrown out of the adjoining houses. The reader may from this easily imagine, that on returning from an excursion through one of these Eastern cities, he is likely to be redolent of any thing, save the aromatic perfumes of "Araby the blest."

Carefully picking our steps through all these beauties, doomed, alas! not to "die unseen, or waste their fragrance on the desert air," we occasionally dived into the profoundest obscurity through regular tun-

nels,* which appeared to be cut out of the solid masonry; but which in reality, led under the surrounding habitations, united overhead, apparently with the intention of economising the confined space to which they were limited.

Proceeding in this manner, and following the footsteps of the Commodore, who appeared already conversant with all the intricate windings of the town, we at last emerged into an open space, one side of which was closed by a wall of massive construction and gigantic height. At the entrance, leading through this barrier to an interior court, were a couple of field-pieces, over which a British artillery-man, and two Turkish soldiers stood sentry, thereby proclaiming the residence of the "General," whose head-quarters were established at what was now known as the "Seraglio,"

* These dark passages formed by the opposite houses being completely built overhead, frequently run for a considerable distance, and being unprovided with lights of any kind, are at night often any thing but pleasant to the stranger unaccustomed to this subterranean mode of travelling.

but which formerly had been the palace of the Druse prince, the celebrated Fākr-el-Din.

In a description of Beyrout, where he played so prominent a part, a few words concerning this remarkable personage may not be considered misplaced.

It was under Fākr-el-Din, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, that the power of the Druses attained its greatest height,—he drove the Arab tribes from the plain of Bāālbec—from the territories of Acre and Sidon; concluded a treaty with the Venetians, expelled the Turks from Beyrout, where he established his chief residence, and about the year 1613 found himself master of the whole tract of country extending thence to Safed, and the Adjelloun mountains. The Porte, alarmed at the extent of his encroachments, prepared against him an expedition on such a scale, that the Druse Prince thought it most advisable by flight to avoid the coming storm. Embarking, therefore, from Beyrout, and setting sail for Italy, he took refuge at Florence in the court of the

Medici, and was there received with every sign of honour and respect due to his rank and misfortune.

The novelty of an Eastern Prince visiting "Frangistan," together with the vague rumours of the Druse tenets which had then just reached Western Europe, were additional causes of his brilliant reception, whilst all the learned men of the time puzzled their brains in vain endeavours to discover the origin of a people professing religious rites—which were then, as they continue to be at the present day, shrouded in a veil of impenetrable mystery.

From a vague resemblance of names, these "wise men of the West" fixed on the Count de Droux, a French Crusader, as the most likely ancestor of the Druses, and it was the interest of the crafty Fākr-el-Din, to encourage the delusion—which, by an imaginary connexion with the Western Franks, might cause them to take a greater interest in his fate, and induce them, perhaps, to afford him success against his Osmānli foes.

After a residence of nine years in Italy, he returned to his government, which, during this time, had been ably conducted by his son Ali, and having probably acquired at the luxurious court of the Medici, a taste for architecture and sculpture, he constructed for his palace the edifice now before us, and which, even in the time of Maundrell (who visited Syria in 1697—about half a century after the death of Fākr-el-Din) retained but faint traces of its recent splendour. The trustworthy old traveller makes the following mention of it:—"The Emir Faccardine had his chief residence in this place—he was, in the reign of Sultan Morat, the fourth Emir or Prince of the Druses; a people supposed to have descended from some dispersed remainders of the Crusaders, who engaged in the recovery of the Holy Land. * * * Faccardine being, as I said, Prince of this people, enlarged his dominions, down into the plain all along the sea coast as far as from this place to Acra."

After enlarging on the magnificent gardens of orange-trees, which in his time were still

in existence, but even then fast verging on destruction, he quaintly adds: "So little sense have the Turks of such refined delights as these; being a people generally of the grossest apprehension, and knowing few other pleasures but such sensualities as are equally common both to men and beasts."

How applicable does this remark continue to be to the same people, though nearly two centuries have elapsed since it was made!

The expensive tastes which he had acquired at the Court of Florence at last proved the destruction of the Druse Prince; —his subjects having to pay too dearly for the costly amusements in which he indulged, of building palaces, baths, ornamenting gardens, &c.—murmured loudly at the increased weight of taxation imposed upon them. The Sultan Amurath the Fourth, but too glad of having an opportunity of attempting, with any chance of success, the subjection of so powerful a vassal,—took advantage of this state of ill feeling—which Fākr-el-Din moreover aggravated by his contempt for the customs and prejudices of his nation,

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as evidenced among other ways by adorning his palace with sculptures and paintings. The Sultan sent a powerful army against him, when, after many reverses, Fākr-el-Din was at last betrayed into the hands of his enemies, sent to Constantinople, and there put to death in the year 1631.

We now stood in the midst of the Palace Court, which, even in its present dilapidated condition, bore evident traces of former grandeur; whilst in the large cistern of fresh water, overshadowed by magnificent plane trees, might be traced the remains of those splendid fountains and gardens so highly extolled by Maundrell, and to the construction of which, as we have seen, may be attributed the downfall of the powerful Druse Emir. But in the now ruined fount, perhaps once:

> "Where in the midst reflecting back the ray,
> In broken rainbows a fresh fount did play,
> High as th' enamelled cupola which towers,
> All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers,"

the baggage cattle of the General were allaying their thirst, whilst his horses and

those of the Staff were irregularly picketted under the thick shade of the spreading foliage, on the very spot, where, may be, old Fākr-el-Din had oft inhaled the fragant fumes of his jewelled chibouque!

The Seraglio itself had been appropriated by Sir Charles Smith for his own accommodation and that of the officers who accompanied him from Gibraltar, whilst the artillery-men who formed part of the Expedition,*

* The Expedition from Gibraltar for the Syrian Coast,—the strength of which was so much magnified by the French papers,—consisted originally of Colonel Sir Charles Smith, C. B. (at first with the local rank of Brigadier-General, subsequently with that of Major-General). Major Higgins, and Lieut. Rowan of the Royal Artillery, and Lieut. Aldrich of the Engineers, and a party of a Serjeant, a Corporal, and 30 men of the Royal Artillery, and one Corporal, and 14 privates of the Sappers. This party was embarked on board H. M. Ship Pique, the 8th of August, 1840, for particular service in Syria, with the understanding that they were to be under the orders of Sir Robert Stopford, and, being victualled by the fleet, might in fact be considered in no other light than as marines.—Under these circumstances the Admiral was perfectly justified, on the departure of Sir Charles Smith for Constantinople, in entrusting the command to a naval officer, though in the common routine of the Service, such a step might

were quartered,—some in an adjoining out-building—and the rest in a very good barrack near the harbour.

On entering his apartment we found Sir Charles reclining on a camp couch, still suffering from the injury he had received on his foot during the explosion at Acre, but quite unchanged in appearance or dress, from what I had remembered him at Gibraltar;—his marked features were still shaded by the broad-brimmed Spanish "sombrero,"—whilst the braided blue shell jacket and brown "contrabandista calzones," appeared to be the very identical ones he used in former days to sport at the bull-fights of Algesiras;—nor was the Commodore behind him, as to originality of appearance;—the old shovel-shaped cocked hat stuck "athwart ship" was a full match for the "calañez,"—whilst his short shrunken nether garments

have been entirely "hors de règle." The Officers of the Commissariat attached to this force were, Dep. Commissary General Ramsay, and Capts. Commissaries General Dunwidie and Davenport. After the operations had commenced the party was considerably augmented, as will be seen further on.

and threadbare coat, adorned with a couple of rusty "swabs," could have been fairly pitted against the round jacket and "calzones." In fact a stranger might have gone far ere he had an opportunity of beholding two such specimens of England's Army and Navy, as were now personified in the "Hero of Tarifa," and him of "Cape St. Vincent."

The Commodore and Sir Charles had been acquainted many years, but their feelings on the present occasion did not appear to be of a very cordial nature. The former might perhaps feel annoyed at having his uplifted arm arrested in the act, as he no doubt supposed, of striking a decisive blow; whilst the latter, may be, was piqued at having had, although unavoidably, so much work taken out of his own hands. Be that as it may, there appeared to exist on both sides a considerable degree of restraint, and I easily foresaw that I should not be benefited by this feeling. The Commodore, after briefly stating the circumstances of my arrival in Syria, and producing my leave of absence to that effect from the Horse Guards, handed me

over to Sir Charles, who however did not appear duly to appreciate so valuable a gift. The conversation then turned on the present state of things, and the position of Ibrahim Pasha, who, after crossing the Lebanon, had formed a camp at Zachlé, in the plain of the Boccāh, at the foot of Mount Lebanon. The Commodore strongly urged an immediate attack on this position, offering (although the senior officer) to put himself under the command of Sir Charles Smith, and to assist him with whatever blue jackets and marines the Admiral might be willing to spare. This scheme, however, was evidently not relished. The General said he was "setting his wires," but that the proper time had not yet arrived for bringing them into play, and in short declined entering at all into the Commodore's plans; when the latter, seeing he could gain no head-way, made his bow, and we both took our departure.

On leaving the Seraglio, and issuing through the eastern gate of the town, we came to the park of artillery, which had been

formed outside the walls, and consisted of between thirty and forty field pieces and howitzers, which, thanks to Major Higgins, were disposed in tolerable order; and, owing to the same cause, the green tents of the Turkish soldiers, were pitched, not without some attention to the rules of castrametation. Our road now, for about a quarter of a mile, wound under the southern walls, old and turretted battlements enclosing the city on the land side, and which, although massively constructed, could not withstand heavy artillery, particularly as they are commanded, within a few hundred yards, by neighbouring heights covered with summer houses, mulberry trees, and gardens, and enclosed with hedges of the prickly pear.* Ascending a steep path thickly bordered on each side

* Lamartine, in his spirited descriptive sketches of the neighbourhood of Beyrout, says, p. 48: "On y arrive par des sentiers embragés d'immenses *aloès* qui laissent pendre leurs *figues épineuses*, sur la tête des passans." He must mean the cactus, or prickly pear; as the aloe does not bear any "figues épineuses," nor moreover do I remember ever meeting with that plant growing in a wild state in Syria.

with this tropical production, over the massive and bristly clumps of which occasionally nodded the graceful date tree;—we soon found ourselves at the entrance of the country house now occupied by Izzet Pasha, the Seraskier or Turkish Commander-in-Chief in Syria.

On being ushered into his presence, we found His Excellency surrounded by numerous visitors, amongst whom were Admiral Bandiera, the Archduke Ferdinand, and several officers of the Austrian squadron, to whom I was severally introduced by the Commodore. It was here also that, for the first time, I met the famous Count Nugent of fighting celebrity.

An audience with a great man in Turkey, in the present day, is very different, as far as Franks are concerned, from what it was some few years ago, when the Infidel was expected to "unboot," and if honoured with a seat, the chibouque and coffee were seldom or ever proffered, even to the highest dignitaries. Things however are now greatly altered;—seated on the same divan with the

"Three-tailed Pasha"—the pipe and Mocha's soothing berry were as obsequiously offered to us by the slave-like unslippered attendants, as if we had been true believers;—very Sheriffes,—descendants in a direct line from the Holy Prophet, or devout Hadjees just arrived from his sacred shrine at Mecca.

Mehemet Izzet Pasha, had been a short time before severely wounded in the leg, by the accidental discharge of one of his own pistols,—and whilst the Commodore, after presenting me to the "Effendim," as a volunteer in the cause of his sublime master the Sultan, is using every argument he can devise to urge him to follow up their late success against the Egyptians;—we will e'en say a few words of this true specimen of a Turkish Pasha of the olden school, who had shortly before landed at Beyrout, with the high sounding titles of Seraskier, and Governor of Syria *and Egypt!*

Izzet Pasha had been noted as one of that class of *grinding* Turkish Governors, who have so mainly contributed to reduce the Ottoman Empire to its present abject and

fallen state. It was recorded of him, that, not content with the plunder of his poor defenceless Rayats, he had even carried the system of spoliation so far as to keep back the very shirts and shoes from his own soldiers, in order to pocket the amount of their cost; and whilst entrusted with the defence of Varna, he evacuated that place, not without suspicions being entertained of his having been induced so to act by the powerful argument of bribery employed by the Russian General. His first proceeding on landing at Beyrout, was to inquire what taxes or debts to the late Government still remained uncollected,—and a considerable sum of money appearing to be due by the town, he ordered the amount to be forthcoming by next day, under the penalty of the forfeiture of the effects of the inhabitants; luckily for whom, his wound shortly after incapacitated him from turning his mind to further acts of rapacity.*

* Shortly after this, the complaints against Izzet Pasha, became so loud that he was recalled to Constantinople by the Porte, but in the beginning of 1842 was raised to the rank of Grand Vizier.

Such is a specimen of the men entrusted by the Sublime Porte with the government of this unhappy country; and subsequent events have sufficiently proved that its condition has in no way been improved by its being transferred from the sway of Mehemet Ali, to that of its present masters. It is true that the Viceroy had, in Syria, established the conscription, disarmed the inhabitants, and levied indiscriminately on all sects and classes, whether Mahomedan or Christian, the Firdé or poll-tax; still his oppression though severe was systematic, people knew *what* they had to expect, and were not exposed, as heretofore, to the separate extortions of every petty ruler, who might at his least whim, want, or caprice, have recourse to the onerous system of the *baltz*, or casual robbery exercised on the impulse of the moment, which had so long been followed under the rule of the Porte, and now bid fair to be once more re-established in full force. In short, Mehemet Ali, though arrogating to himself the rights of plunder and robbery, would allow the same privi-

leges to none of his subordinates; the accounts were rigidly investigated, and complaints, when not against himself, usually examined into with impartiality, and instantly redressed.*

My head quarters continued on board the Powerful, until the Commodore, on the 15th November, sailed for Alexandria;† when as the party at the Seraglio did not appear disposed to extend their hospitality towards me, either in the shape of "board or lodging;"—having neither quarters allotted me, nor even an invitation to become a member of their mess,‡ I was fain to take up

*On this subject, see Mr. Farren's excellent letter, appended to Lord Lindsay's work on the "Holy Land."

† The Author made two or three excursions into the Mountains about this time, in company with the Commodore, an account of which is deferred, for the sake of regularity in the narrative, until a description of Mount Lebanon is attempted.

‡ Although the Author cannot help adverting here to the coldness of his reception at Beyrout, by Sir Charles Smith;— at the conclusion of the Campaign, the latter made ample amends for any little want of civility, at a moment when perhaps rendered irritable from ill health or the effect of his wound,—by his exertion in obtaining for him the honours awarded to the

my solitary abode in a wretched tenement, dignified by the name of the Maltese Hotel, of which, like most houses of a similar description in the Levant, "mine Host" was a native of Melita.

Alone—in a strange place,—almost ignorant of the language,—without books or society, it may well be imagined that I sat down to my first solitary meal in none of the most enviable of moods,—but fate had evidently befriended me,—nor was I doomed to remain long in communion with my own thoughts, or to be much longer an inmate of the crazy tenement of the "Locanda."

I had, on board the Powerful, a few days before, formed the acquaintance of a young Syrian of the name of Assaade el Khyat, who, brought up at one of our Universities, was, at heart, a true Englishman, spoke fluently our own and several other European and Eastern languages, and whom I found on the whole, a sensible, well informed

naval part of the expedition, and for which he takes this opportunity of returning to Sir Charles his sincere thanks.

young man, and a most agreeable companion. As I was sitting alone, musing in a brown study, over a bottle of red Cyprus wine, after the above mentioned unsociable dinner, my new acquaintance was ushered into the apartment;—I made no secret to him of my extremely uncomfortable position, when he with great kindness and liberality,—overcoming the usual prejudices of his country, offered me an asylum in his own family,—which offer I most gladly accepted, and was accordingly next morning comfortably installed in my new quarters, whereof I will endeavour to give the reader a slight description.

The house, of which I had just so unexpectedly become an inmate, was situated in one of the most retired and out-of-the-way parts of the town, (and it was not before considerable time had elapsed, and then with difficulty, that I became acquainted with the labyrinth of narrow lanes, alleys, and dark passages, which it was requisite to thread in order to arrive at this desired haven),—the property of a young man of the name of

Giorgio Habbib Jummal,—brother-in-law of my friend Assaade, to whom one of his sisters was married, and who, as he spoke Italian with fluency and ease, I at once engaged as my Dragoman, or Interpreter.

By a strange coincidence, I, under the roof of Giorgio, for the first time, became acquainted with Mr. Hunter, the author of the "Expedition to Syria," who placed in similar circumstances with myself, was likewise an inmate of the same house, and of whom, as we were subsequently much thrown together, during our residence in this country, I shall often have occasion to make mention; at present I will take the liberty of borrowing, from his amusing narrative, the following account of the inmates of our new domicile.

"We lived in the house of a respectable Syrian family, that of Habbib Giammal, or, interpreted, the *esteemed Camel driver*. Our landlord, Giorgius, the head of this family was a young man, hardly out of his teens, and having some competency, and, being, moreover, *un beau garçon*, did not follow

either his ancestral, or any other avocation. The *Hareem*, or women's portion of the house, was composed of his mother, a fair widow of forty, and her two daughters, both Eastern beauties of their kind, *Sarah* and *Nasarah*;† the first, a laughing black-eyed houri, with mischief in every dimple of her pretty face; the other, a more portly damsel, of a melancholy, but not less pleasing expression. There were, besides these, three younger children, with equally poetic names, but which I have forgotten,* and included in the *coterie*, was a good-humoured negress, (the general handmaid,) whose original cognomen of "*Saade*," was lost in the apposite *soubriquèt* of "*Snowball*."

Although the greater part of the inhabitants of Beyrout are Christians, generally speaking, of the Greek Church, to which persuasion likewise belonged the family of our host Giorgio; still, in this land of bigotry and oppression—to such an extent

* Meaning "Victory," or "Victoria."

† Their names were Nassif, Iskundur, and Furkha.

is carried suspicion and jealousy—and so far have Mahomedan prejudices, in this respect, been adopted, that all the women, (those of the peasantry alone excepted) lead nearly as secluded a life as the Osmanli ladies of Constantinople or Smyrna. On venturing abroad, which they seldom do, unless when the "Kneßsi," or "Humaum,"* are the limits of their excursions, they are so closely shrouded in the "Izar," or long white garment, which, coming over the head, and hiding the face, falls in numerous folds to the ground, as to be scarcely recognisable by their nearest friends or relations.

To allow, therefore, two unknown and friendless strangers to become familiar inmates of an Eastern family; exposing wives, daughters, and sisters, to their unhallowed gaze, was a favour, and mark of confidence, on the part of Assaade, which we duly appreciated, nor ever abused;—it was, however, a privilege to which no other stranger in the place was admitted, and, affording, as

* Church and bath.

it did, such opportunities of acquiring the Arabic language, I eagerly embraced it, without any feeling of regret at the inhospitality to which I was originally indebted for my admission behind the scenes of Oriental "private life."

The bare, gloomy, and massive stone walls of the exterior of our habitation, had not prepared us for the comforts we found inside; and as for the first time we followed Giorgio and his brother-in-law, up the rude and narrow stone staircase, which appeared to be scarped out of the very thickness of the wall—an "Open Sesame" from the former, causing a strong iron-studded door to fly back on its hinges, disclosed a handsome "patio" or court, paved with black and white marble, along the sides of which, were luxuriantly growing, and imparting a cooling freshness to the scene, the perfumed orange-tree, bearing at the same time, both fruit and blossoms, and flanked by green myrtles and flowering geraniums, whilst an apartment, opening on this garden terrace, and which appeared, from the carpets and

cushions scattered around, the still smoking narghilis,* and sundry traces of female industry, to be appropriated as the common sitting room of the family, was, on our entrance, precipitately deserted by all its occupants, save one fine looking matronly lady, whom Giorgio introduced as his mother; and whilst she was welcoming us with many "Faddāls," and politely repeating, "Anna mugsoud shoufuk," ("Be seated"—"I am delighted to see you,") with innumerable other euphonious phrases, as we afterwards found, high-flown Eastern compliments, but which, at the time, were sadly wasted on our Frankish ignorance, he, following the fair fugitives, soon brought back, in each hand, the blushing deserters, who have already been introduced to the reader, as Mesdemoiselles Sārah and Nāsārah.

Pipes, narghilis, sherbet, and coffee followed in quick succession, the young negress, Saade, acting as Hebe on the occasion; and

* The *Narghili* is the water-pipe, in which is smoked the "Tumbic" or Persian tobacco, which is at once meat, drink, and sleep to the Syrian, who is scarcely ever without this favourite companion.

the ladies, at first timid as gazelles of the desert, soon, like those pretty creatures, when reclaimed from the wilderness, became quite domesticated, acquired confidence, and freely joined in the conversation, which was with volubility carried on, through the medium of Giorgio and Assaade; and, ere an hour had elapsed, we were all on the friendly and easy footing of old acquaintances, when taking leave, for the time, we hastened to make the necessary arrangements for the conveyance of our goods and chattels to the capital billets we had had the good fortune to stumble on.

This was soon effected,—and as has been already stated, we were on the following day quite domesticated in our new quarters, where an excellent apartment was allotted to me, in which, having duly installed my "bullock-trunk cot,"* and hung up my

* Whatever it may be to the old Indian, to the general reader it may not be superfluous to explain that the "bullock-trunk cot," is a camp bed, resting on two small trunks, the usual load of a bullock; and doing at once the duties of canteen, table, bed, chair, and sofa.

cloak and sword, I was, in half an hour, as snugly established as in my own barrack room at Gibraltar;—and if it be not drawing too deeply on the Reader's patience, we will e'en give him a sketch of our diurnal occupations whilst residing in this hospitable mansion, which we continued to inhabit during the whole of our present residence, and subsequent visits to the good town of Beyrout.

Giorgio was the only member of the family who spoke an European language; it therefore became, on every account, desirable to obtain as soon as possible, a smattering of Arabic,—and to this I diligently applied;—before breakfast, my time was taken up in conning over, the now, to me, interesting leaves of a Syrian grammar, or learning by heart the words and dialogues I had written down, the previous day, and adding to my stock of numerous Arabic compliments, wherewith to greet the ladies on their first appearance in the morning, which event never took place till after our usually late

breakfast*—when they commonly emerged from their sleeping apartments, and greeted us with the usual "Subbāh bil Khair"—"Kief hālic"—"Neemut tyeb?"—"Alhumdo-lillah;"†—for an interminable string of polite expressions, invariably marked our first matutinal meeting; "Ticklief," or compliments, being the current coin of the East, the standard of good breeding, and of a finished education.

Having touched on such sacred ground as the sleeping apartments of the ladies, I may as well acquaint the Reader, that to such, the term "bed rooms" would be quite misapplied; throughout Syria the couch of repose consists of a mattress and padded quilts, on which the occupant stretches him or herself, frequently without undressing at

* The usual meals in the Levant are a cup of strong coffee, on rising early in the morning—followed by a pipe.—This has to stay the cravings of hunger till noon, when a substantial repast is served up, and the masticatory process for the day is concluded by the evening meal after sunset—the pipe or narghili always following each repast.

† "Good morning,"—"How do you do?"—"Have you slept well?"—"Thank God," &c.

all; and on rising in the morning, and performing a slight ablution, the bed is rolled up and stowed away in a closet.

Such a "Privateer wash," as above described, may not perhaps be deemed consistent with our ideas of cleanliness; however, the deficiency is commonly made up, by a couple of weekly ablutions at the public "Humaums," or Baths, where severe scrubbing, steaming, and parboiling, soon clear off a multitude of sins.

But to resume the course of our narrative; —after all the above compliments of the day, —an hour or two was next devoted with Giorgio, to the perusal of an Arabic Testament, at the end of which time, he, on getting tired, usually went to "Shimel Howah," or to take the air, and I adjourned, with my books and narghili, to the ladies' apartment, where, on Persian carpets and piles of cushions, they were by this time settled for the day, busily engaged with their needles, —and I soon found the lessons they imparted of much more avail than either the instruction of Giorgio, or the Arabic grammar and

dictionary. In this female academy I was often joined by my companion Hunter, who, however, eschewed the more abstruse part of the studies; but our progress was so rapid, that before a month had elapsed, not only could we understand everything that was said, in common conversation, but even managed "*à notre façon*," to make suitable replies, whilst our fair instructresses shewed great aptitude in retaining whatever English sentences we took the trouble to teach them.

At the first commencement of my residence amongst them, when any visitors were announced, my fair friends used invariably to effect a hasty retreat; and the very name of a Mahomedan, or "Tourco," would make them vanish like smoke. To my European acquaintances they, however, got gradually accustomed, and would often join the party when either Capt. Laué,* or my friends Ramsay and Davenport of the Commissariat, were present.

Ramsay was a particular favourite, not

* A fine old Prussian officer serving in the Turkish army; of whom more hereafter.

only with Giorgio's family, but, from his agreeable and conciliating manners, with the natives in general, and indeed with every one who had the advantage of his acquaintance—and occasionally, in the evening, he would bring up his conjuring apparatus, and amuse a large circle of astonished Syrians by his tricks and sleight of hand. The day was generally concluded by a "réunion" of the friends of the family, who, seated cross-legged on Persian rugs or low divan, would, over a cup of coffee and the ever-bubbling narghili, gravely talk over and discuss the events of the day. Occasionally Assaade and his wife, with one or two of the female friends of "Madame" Giummal, or of her daughters, would join our evening circle, when sherbet and coffee, served up in small filagree cased cups, conversation and smoke were generally the order of the night; the men all asiduously plying the chibouque or narghili, which was occasionally handed to the "dowagers;" and although the "misses" carefully abstained from indulging in the aroma of the weed in public, I, on

more than one occasion, suspected that my pretty Arabic instructresses, when alone, occasionally took a "drink"* at the bubbling fount of the soothing aromatic fumes of "tumbec," through the flexible tube of the narghili. But the sly rogues always denied the charge, though once or twice, evidence against the "laughing black-eyed houri," amounted almost to proof positive, and I often threatened to tell D——, with whom, it must be known, she used to carry on strong flirtations;—for Syrian ladies, as well as those of the far West, *will* be guilty of such peccadilloes, and D—— was moreover a fine-looking young *blondin*, (a style of beauty particularly attractive to the dark-eyed daughters of the East), quite a lady's man, and moreover a very general favourite.

On one occasion, when he had just taken his departure, I pretended to be much cast

* In the East the act of smoking is often called drinking of the chibouque, the narghili, or hookah.

The *tumbec* or Persian tobacco is that species appropriated exclusively for the narghili; the Latakiah *tettoun* being smoked in the long cherry or jessamine-sticked "chibouque."

down. "Commodor ésghyer," ("little Commodore," for such was my usual appellation), "Unte laish missaudah?" ("Why art thou melancholy?") said she archly. "Because," replied I, looking still more woe-begone, "when D—— is here you will never condescend even to address me, and I feel very much mortified." "Ma bi séil," ("Never mind that") cried the lively girl, laughing heartily. "I am obliged to treat strangers who are your friends with politeness; but with you, who are as one of the family, ceremony is unnecessary." There was no replying to such an argument, and as may be supposed, we did not part in anger.

Mr. Hunter and myself usually spent our afternoons in rides about the vicinity, excursions to the mountains, (of which some account will be hereafter given)—strolling over the town and the bazaars,—going through the neighbouring Turkish camp, or paying an occasional visit to the "Hummaum" or Bath; and whilst the former was busily employed in collecting "Salhout," (ancient coins), I was equally engrossed with the

pencil, and in trying to discover any remains of antiquity, which might still have been spared by time.

There can be no doubt that Beyrout was once a Roman Colony of considerable importance; and Josephus states, (B. xvii. c. 10.) that when Varus the Roman Procurator was hastening to put down an insurrection which had broken out at Jerusalem, the citizens of Berytus gave him fifteen hundred auxiliaries, as he passed through their city.

The following extracts from the same author will enable the reader to form an idea of the size and consequence this city then enjoyed:

"Now as Agrippa, (the King of Jerusalem), was a great builder in many places, he paid a peculiar regard to the people of Berytus; for he erected a theatre for them, superior to many others of that sort, both in sumptuousness and elegance, and also an amphitheatre, built at vast expenses;—and besides these he built them baths and portiques, and spared for them no costs in any of his edifices, to render them both hand-

some and large. He also spent a great deal upon their dedication, and exhibited shows upon them, and brought thither musicians of all sorts, and such as made the most delightful music of the greatest variety. He also shewed his magnificence upon the theatre in his great number of gladiators: and there it was that he exhibited the several antagonists in order to please the spectators: no fewer indeed than seven hundred men, to fight with seven hundred other men; and allotted all the malefactors he had for this exercise, that both the malefactors might receive their punishment, and that this operation of war might be a recreation in peace; and thus were these criminals all destroyed at once."*

"About this time it was that King Agrippa, (the younger), built Cæsarea Philippi larger than it was before, and, in honour of Nero, named it *Neronias;* and, when he had built a theatre at Berytus, with vast expenses, and bestowed on them shows, to be exhibited every year, and spent therein many thousands, (drachmæ), he also

* Josephus, b. xix. c. 7.

gave the people a largess of corn, and distributed oil among them, and adorned the entire city with statues of his own donation, and with oriental images made by ancient hands; nay, he almost transferred all that was most ornamental in his own kingdom, thither. This made him more than ordinarily hated by his subjects; because he took those things away that belonged to them, to adorn a foreign city."*

Of all these sumptuous edifices, amphitheatres, theatres, public buildings, and baths, nought at present remains; and although there are Turkish "Humaums," no sign of Roman Baths are now in existence;†—the only classic ruins are a few prostrate columns at the entrance of the Port, and the remains of a Pier, which, at one period, seems to have protected its entrance from the north-westerly wind, to whose fury it is now completely exposed.

* Josephus, b. xx. c. 9.

† Unless the excavations cut out of the rock, on the sea shore to the westward, between the town and the Rās-é-Beyrout, can be so called; they are of the same nature and construction as those usually denominated "Cleopatra's Baths" at Alexandria in Egypt.

The massive and ancient looking walls and buildings of the modern town, are evidently of a much later date, probably the work of the Crusaders, who on their way from Constantinople in 1099, under Godfrey de Bouillon, came along this part of the coast, and subsequently established themselves in all its maritime cities,—when (in 1104) Beyrout became a dependency of the Counts of Tripoli.—The same remark will be found to apply to the architecture of every considerable town of Syria, including Jerusalem itself,—nor is it a matter of surprise, considering the revolutions all these places have undergone, and the number of times they have been completely destroyed, that so few remains of classic grandeur should reward the researches of the diligent antiquary.

The Roman Berytus was completely destroyed by an earthquake, A. D. 566,—was subsequently taken, and retaken several times by the Saracens and Crusaders, and has since gone through a variety of vici-

situdes, under Druse and Turkish domination.

Maundrell mentions Beyrout as being the place from whence the idol Baal-Berith was supposed to have derived its name, and after enumerating the privileges conferred on this city by Augustus, to which, and to the happy site where it stood, the town was indebted for its new designation of "Julia Felix" our old traveller adds;—"but at present it retains nothing of its ancient felicity, except the situation, and in that particular it is indeed very happy."

How applicable to the present condition of Beyrout are these sentiments, now written a century and a half ago!—and applicable they will continue to be as long as it remains under the demoralizing influence of Turkish tyranny and oppression;—and it is indeed a melancholy spectacle to behold a town, of which nearly the whole population is Christian, and situated in the midst of a Christian country, thus shamefully oppressed, and still suffered to remain under the sway of these ignorant and brutal barbarians.

Although the narrow streets and passages through the town, winding as they do, between high dead walls, here and there occasionally loopholed or merely broken by small openings, thickly encased with close wooden trellis-work, and in which is only at intervals "few and far between," to be seen a gliding mysterious looking figure, veiled in the shroud-like "Izar," have a most deserted and melancholy appearance;—still the Bazaars,—and more particularly so at the present moment,—presented the usual scene of noise and bustle of those emporiums of Eastern trade, which was much heightened, at this very period, by the great influx of troops and strangers of all descriptions, collected here by the varying fortune of war.

Nearly fifteen thousand Osmanli troops, under the immediate direction of General Jochmus,* had now made Beyrout their head quarters; and this force was daily increased by numerous Albanian soldiers and

* For an account of General Jochmus, vide Hunter's Expedition, vol. i. p. 111.

Bedouin Arabs, of every tribe of the desert, who, abandoning what now appeared to be the weaker party, and therefore the worse cause, were in great numbers deserting from the Egyptian army, and flocking round the Standard of the Porte. These, with many Mountaineers and country people, who constantly resorted to the city to supply their various wants,—formed, as may be imagined, rather a motley assemblage of arms, costumes, and countenances, whose Oriental garb and contour, contrasted not a little with the round faces and easy roll of our jolly tars, the red jackets of the marines, or the smart Artillery serjeant, who, cane in hand, might be here seen rapidly moving through the crowd.

But in this numerous and stirring ant-hill of human beings, scarcely any female forms were to be seen, and those only appertaining to that hardy class of the peasantry, who, to dispose of the produce of their labour, came a distance of many miles from the neighbouring country; and who, whilst standing at the corner of a street surrounded

by heaps of fruit and vegetables, would from under the shadow of the *Tontura* or "Horn," fearlessly expose their bronzed, though fine healthy looking countenances to the gaze alike of True Believers and Infidels,—of Frank or Osmanli. As in our account of the district of Lebanon, we shall have frequent occasion to speak of the remarkable ornament, "the Tontura," we shall at present only casually remark, that frequent mention is made of it in Scripture, and Herodotus is supposed to allude to it, in his description of Egypt, as amongst the attributes of Mercury.*

* * * *

25th of November.—An order arrived this day from England, for me to be placed on the returns of the Syrian Army, and allowing me to draw the field allowance, rations, and forage, as Assistant-Adjutant-General of the British Force. As I could now consider myself as effectively on its strength, I lost no time in making the necessary preparations for moving at the shortest notice,

* Herodotus Euterpe, Sec. 51.

and I used the greater expedition in this, as in consequence of nearly fifteen thousand troops being then assembled at Beyrout, active operations began to be *talked of*, and it was rumoured that we now only awaited the arrival of some Staff Officers and Artillery from England, to take the field against Ibrahim Pasha, who was still encamped at Zachlé, with a force, in numbers, said to be inferior to our own.

I had taken the precaution of bringing out a tent, and the Commodore having, before his departure for Alexandria, given me a couple of very good horses, (captured by him from Ibrahim,) and left a trusty old marine of the name of Gardiner to take charge of them,—I had only to provide myself with a few Arab attendants, and some cattle for my baggage, and the latter were soon procured in the shape of two or three strong sturdy little Syrian horses, which I bought at a cheap rate from some Bedouin deserters, who, to the number of four hundred horsemen, had a few days previously fled from Ibrahim Pasha's camp, and were

now bivouacked outside the walls of the town. Former experience had taught me that these animals were much preferable for celerity of movement, to either camels or bullocks, nor did the sequel prove that in this I was mistaken. My Dragoman Giorgio also made the purchase of a very good mare, of a brace of long-barrelled, silver-mounted Albanian pistols, and with a naval cutlass which I had given him, he displayed a very formidable and warlike figure, and "Inshallah!" with the help of God, we were soon to slay hundreds of Musrees; (Egyptians), and devour them by dozens without salt!

Time, however, wore on apace, and the whitened summits of the Sunneen and Knessi, strongly hinted to us the probability that, unless very expeditious in our movements, they would be entirely put a stop to by the accumulation of snow in the deep mountain passes intervening between us and the enemy. The weather also, which, till lately, had continued delightfully mild and serene, began now to assume, even in the plains, some of

the sterner attributes of winter*—and I was fain, in my "barrack room," to replace the Oriental looking window of trellis-work, by the less picturesque, though more useful substitute of glass, which operation was, to the great surprise of the wondering inmates, successfully performed by a cunning artist from Malta, who luckily knew something of the science of "panes and putty." My tent also came into play, for being an Indian one, of that class termed a Bichover, so small as to be carried by a single mule or bullock—we were enabled to pitch it *in* the apartment opening on the "patio;"—under its protecting chintz were duly ranged the cushions, carpets, and rugs of the establishment, and it thenceforth became the general resort of the family, and the "locale" of our "soirées."

* * * * *

* The Thermometer, which had hitherto ranged at about 60° of Fahrenheit now began to fall to 55°; but the mildness of the winter at Beyrout may be estimated from the circumstance, that the use of glass windows is unknown, the only protection of their apartments against the cold being the trellis-work frames, with occasionally the addition of a wooden shutter.

Things continued in this state of uncertainty and seeming preparation until the 30th November, when we received the news of the convention concluded by the Commodore at Alexandria, with Mehemet Ali—which intelligence caused a great commotion amongst the authorities at Beyrout;—and Sir Charles Smith and Izzet Pasha had just time to set their heads together, to protest, with Sir Robert Stopford and Admiral Bandiera, against the whole proceeding—when the two latter, together with all the vessels under their command,* were obliged by the severe gale of the 2nd December to up anchor and run for Marmorice Bay, leaving the town of Beyrout open to any attempt which might have been made on it by Ibrahim Pasha,—and the good people of the place, notwithstanding the presence of the now considerable Turkish force, and the late retreat of the Egyptians from Zachlé to

* Consisting at the time, if I remember right, of an Austrian frigate, and a couple of corvettes,—two or three steamers, the Princess Charlotte, Benbow and Bellerophon, which latter had a very narrow escape of being driven ashore.

Damascus,*—began to fancy their old acquaintance still too near to be pleasant company, and prayed in good earnest for a speedy fall of "Tubbish" (snow) wherewith his apprehended approach might be impeded. —Had such a movement on his part taken place at this critical moment, it is not improbable that it might have proved successful, as amid the variety of religions and conflicting interests by which the people of Beyrout were influenced, Ibrahim had no doubt many friends in the town; and it is certain that he was moreover regularly made acquainted with every occurrence which took place, through the medium, as was supposed, of French agency and *espionage*.

Having mentioned the religious sects at Beyrout, the reader will be surprised to hear of their great number and variety. The town, although covering a small space of ground, contains, nevertheless, from the nature of its construction, a population of between 18 and 20,000 souls, and Beyrout

* Ibrahim Pasha broke up his camp at Zachlé in the Boccāh, about the 21st November.

being the chief emporium of commerce on this coast, most of its inhabitants are engaged in trade, chiefly that connected with the production of silk. The Christians form nearly two-thirds of this census, of them nearly one half belong to the Greek Church,—the Maronites may be ranked next, and after them the Greek Catholics; to these, different Christian sects may be added; a slight sprinkling of Armenians, and the few Protestants consist of some of the European Consuls—American Missionaries, and the small number of converts made by the latter.

The above is, with few exceptions, the state of religious parties in all the principal maritime towns, along the coast of Syria, from Tripoli to Jaffa;—and it may easily be imagined, what a handle is thereby given, both to French and Russian intrigue,—whose agents fail not to set forth the different powers they represent as identified either with the Catholic or Greek Churches.

The Mahomedans have, at Beyrout, three large mosques and several other places of worship. The orthodox Greeks likewise

own three churches, whilst the Catholics and Maronites have one each.

The Priests of the latter sect, are completely under the sway of the Papal See, and conform in all things to the Roman doctrine, with the sole exception that marriage is allowed amongst them; on the other hand, this ceremony is not only permitted to the "Papas" of the Greek Church,—but is an indispensable qualification to one serving a parish,—and all the Priesthood of this latter sect are maintained by free gifts from their parishioners.

Once, on a Sunday, we accompanied Assaade to the Greek Church, and found the service conducted much in the same manner as at Constantinople, and in Asia Minor;* the male part of the audience all standing in the body of the church, whilst the women were seated in a raised gallery, screened off by closely connected wooden trellis-work;—and after the conclusion of the service, they might be seen separately,

* This is well described in Miss Pardoe's "City of the Sultan."

and in silence, gliding towards their respective homes, closely wrapped in the white folds of the mystic "Izar," which completely conceals not only the form and features, but likewise the rich and tasteful in-door dress, which greatly resembles that worn in the interior of the Turkish hareems at Constantinople;* only in lieu of the embroidered *fez*, which is so coquettishly set on one side of the dark flowing locks of the Osmanli—the "*Amta*" or head-dress consists here, of a small red Greek cap, set on the head as a foundation, round which is closely twined a coloured turban, surmounted on the crown by a round plate of either silver or gold, from whence depends a blue silk tassel, whilst numerous small golden ornaments, connected by slender chains, encircle the head; the hair falling over the shoulders in numerous long plaited tresses, which are usually increased in length and quantity, by the addition of false locks, formed of a

* This, on a previous occasion, the author had an opportunity of beholding, through the medium of some Greek ladies of his acquaintance.

coloured imitation in silk,—and from the ends of which, and hanging down the back, depend a profusion of ornaments of gold, and small coins of the same metal.

The *Hamis*, or shift of the finest white crape—the *Khumbaiz* or pelisse—the *Zinhar* and *Shintien*, sash and loose silken drawers, are the exact counterparts of the same articles of a Turkish female toilette; but the march of intellect had of late, greatly improved the *chaussure*, and amongst all the ladies we were in the habit of meeting at the houses of our acquaintance, the formerly "unstockinged," and "paposhed" foot, was now decently clad either in silk or cotton hose, whilst well made French shoes often set off feet that would have caused the envy of many a mantilla'd daughter of Cadiz or Malaga, as they gracefully peeped from beneath the overhanging folds of the loose silken drawers, which concealed half their beauties, only to set off the rest to greater advantage.

In our account of the costume of a Syrian lady those indispensable accessories—the

Khohol and *Hennah** must not be omitted; and although the former may increase the effect, and lends an appearance of sleepy langour to the large swimming black eye,—yet, it must be confessed, that the use of the latter gives to its votaries anything but the appearance of the "rosy-fingered Aurora;" as, whatever poets may say to the contrary, the hennah instead of imparting to the nails a *Couleur de Rose*, leaves behind a disagreeable looking stain of deep orange brown, resembling what is commonly called "burnt sienna."

Lamartine, who in most of his descriptions is far too poetical to be correct, renders but justice to the merits of the Syrian women. I allude to those belonging to the better class of Greek Syrians; amongst whom, although the men may, perhaps, in some cases be considered crafty and over-reaching in their dealings,—

* The Khohol is powder of antimony inserted with a small ivory or silver tube under the eyelids. The hennah consists of a dye made of the bruised leaves of a shrub (*Lawsonia inermis,*) and is often applied in the East to the palm of the hands, and tips of the fingers and toes.

the gentler sex ever seemed, to me, amiable, modest, and industrious — making good wives and mothers, apparently entirely engrossed with their children and domestic vocations. The French author* labours under a mistake when, in his account of the marriage ceremony amongst this class, he would lead to the belief that the Mahomedan custom existed of the bridegroom not beholding the countenance of his *fiancée* until he meets her at the altar. From personal observation I could adduce many instances to disprove this. Amongst others, my friend Assaade was engaged to his present wife before his departure for England; remained faithful during a long absence of four years; on his return claimed his bride, and has since been amply repaid for his constancy by finding in her the best of wives—whose mind he is daily improving by imparting some of the knowledge he acquired in England; the language of which he is also disseminating amongst several pupils who daily attend his instruction.

* Voyage en Orient, page 54.

Another example which came under my notice occurred in the family of my host Giorgio, whose eldest unmarried sister, the "portly and melancholy damsel" already alluded to, being engaged to a silk merchant of the name of Hannah (John), the young man was, for months previous to the ceremony, admitted to constant intercourse—was already considered as one of the family, nearly every evening made part of the domestic circle, and appeared much attached to his amiable intended, the good tempered and "Dudu"-like Nāsārah.

The sentimental Frenchman, although belonging to the class of Benedicts, appears to have been inspired with no small enthusiasm by the peculiar character of Syrian loveliness,—nor does the circumstance of the fair object of his admiration being guilty of the enormity of inhaling the fumes of the noxious weed, appear to have, in the least degree, diminished his romantic fervour.

In his beautiful poetic address to a Syrian lady smoking in a Kiosk at Beyrout, he says:

"Quand le soir, dans la Kiosque a l'ogive grillée,
Qui laisse entrer la lune, et la brise des mers,
Tu t' assieds sur la natte, a Palmyre emaillée,
Où, du moka brûlant, fument les flots amers.

"Quand, ta main approchant de tes lèvres mi-closes
Le *tuyau de jasmin* vêtu d'or effilé,
Ta bouche en aspirant le doux parfum des roses,
Fait murmurer l'eau tiède au fond du *narguilé*"

* * * * *

Nor is our poet to be blamed for not, in this instance, sounding the "Counterblast," or imitating the learned King Jamie in his expressions of horror at the use of the "weed." *Smoking*, in the East, is a much more gentlemanly, nay, even lady-like process, than it is with us, where the simple act of making a chimney of one's mouth, and that often a *smoky* one, is neither embellished, nor *poetized*, by inhaling the vapour duly perfumed by the sweet rose-water of the bubbling narghili, or pleasingly cooled in its passage through the long cherry-stick tube, which, clothed in silken garments, and embossed with gold, is surmounted with the jewelled mouth-piece of rich, smooth and

unspotted amber. Under these circumstances, the sight of the chibouque in the fair hands of the sleepy dark-eyed Syrian beauty, is far from repulsive, and as she languishingly reclines on rich Persian carpets, or is voluptuously embedded in the midst of soft silken cushions, she flirts with the flexible tube of the narghili, with all the ease, grace, and nonchalance displayed by the Spanish señorita, in the unrivalled management of the cooling *Abaneco*, or fan,—whilst in her magic grasp, the richly-adorned jessamine or cherry-stick of the chibouque, becomes a fairy wand, gracefully wielded at the will and pleasure of the enchantress.

* * * * *

To the southward and east, the immediate neighbourhood of Beyrout consists of gently undulating slopes, covered with endless gardens and orchards of mulberry-trees, under whose shade most of the wealthier citizens have country houses, which are approached through deep and narrow lanes, thickly overshadowed by gigantic cactus

plants and date trees, vines, creepers of every sort, and a tall reed resembling the sugar-cane, which latter, it is also said, will flourish in this fertile soil and genial clime. But these delightful retreats being now occupied by the Turkish soldiery,* were deserted by nearly all their peaceful occupants,—and this system of billetting troops in private houses, was another annoyance enforced by Turkish rule, which was the cause of bitter complaints, and of invidious comparisons between their present rulers and Ibrahim Pasha, not over favourable to the Turks; as Ibrahim, when at Beyrout with a force, always had part of his troops encamped in the neighbourhood of the pine-forest, about two miles from the city, whilst the rest were distributed in the numerous Khāns or public buildings around, but *none* were ever

* The first steps of the Turks in Syria after the landing in 1840, were marked by plunder and rapine, even when co-operating with the mountaineers in their own hills; and it is notorious that a Bazaar was afterwards established by them at Beyrout, for the disposal of their ill-gotten pillage.

allowed to encroach on the privacy of the inhabitants.

Our evening walks were often directed towards one of those delightful summer retreats, the property of some of our Syrian acquaintance, who, at the intercession of one of the Consuls, had been luckily exempted from the infliction of the soldiery;—but not trusting to my own feeble powers of description, I will give a short translation from an abler pen, and endeavour to convey to the reader M. Lamartine's account of this enchanting spot, at the same autumnal period of the year when it was likewise my good fortune to visit it:—

"9th November, 1832—The climate with the exception of a few squalls at sea, and showers during the middle of the day, is as fine as the month of May in France.

"The commencement of the rains is a signal for a new spring; the walls and terraces which support the cultivated slopes of Lebanon, and the fertile undulations in the neighbourhood of Beyrout, have within the last few days been so completely embedded

in vegetation, that the ground is entirely hidden under an accumulation of moss, herbs, flowers, and creepers ; the young barley now forms a verdant carpet over fields, which on our arrival were covered with dust ; the mulberry trees shooting forth their second leaves, form around the buildings forests of shade impenetrable to the sun ;—here and there, sprinkled over the plain, may be seen the roofs of the houses issuing from this ocean of verdure—on which,—like Queens, in their rich and brilliant costumes,—the Greek and Syrian women are taking the air ;—narrow paths sunk deep into the soil, lead from house to house—from one hill to another—and traverse this uninterrupted garden which runs from the sea to the foot of Lebanon. Following these paths, one often meets on the thresholds of these small habitations, the most enchanting scenes of patriarchal life—women and girls seated under the mulberry or fig tree at their door, busily engaged in embroidering rich woollen carpets of the most opposite yet brilliant colours ; others fastening the ends of silken

threads to distant trees, separate them severally as they slowly pace to and fro—timing their footsteps to their ever-varying songs; the men on the other hand may be seen stepping backwards from tree to tree, busy in weaving silken stuffs, and occasionally throwing the shuttle from one to the other; the children are resting, some in cradles made of reeds, or on mats placed in the shade, whilst others are suspended to the branches of the orange trees;—the large Syrian sheep with their immense dragging tails, too heavy to be able to move, are lying in holes dug on purpose, in the cool fresh mould; one or two handsome goats with long pendant ears like those of our sporting dogs, and occasionally a cow, complete this sylvan picture; the horse of the master of the house is also ever present, equipped in its superb trappings, and ready at a moment to be mounted; he is part of the family, and appears interested in everything that is said or done around him."

* * * *

"Never were more beautiful scenes of the

creation peopled and animated by purer or nobler impressions—Nature is truly here a perpetual Hymn to the goodness of the Creator—and to the stranger, the enchanting harmony of this Hymn is disturbed by no false note, nor by any spectacle of misery or vice;—men, women, birds, beasts, trees, mountains, sea, sky, and climate, all is pure, all is splendid, and religious."

CHAP. IV.

MOUNT LEBANON AND ITS TRIBES.

" Its head in wintry grandeur towers,
Whiten'd with eternal sleet;
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at its feet."—MOORE.

" Mount Lebanon," saith the Arab bard, " has Summer at its breast, Autumn sleeping at its feet, Spring seated on its shoulders, whilst grim Winter ever torpidly reposes on its snow-capped head;"—and truly the varied climate and variety of productions, appear to bear out this poetic simile, for whilst the European traveller, during the summer months,—in the plains and neighbourhood of Beyrout, pantingly reclines under the palm of the desert, or the tropical cactus,—fevered and scorched up by a heat approaching that of the torrid zone;—he has only to mount his sure-footed Arab

steed, and a few short hours suffice to transport him to a pleasant and temperate clime, where luxuriantly flourish the vine and fig-tree of Provence and Calabria; or if not satisfied with this change, he wishes for a still more bracing atmosphere, he will soon be able to effect his object, and rest his wearied limbs under the spreading branches of the walnut tree, or the dark foliage of the northern pine.

Nature, in this favoured land, appears to have scattered all her treasures o'er a space which the eye can scan and almost take in a single sweep. It was my good fortune at different periods, and in every change of season, to visit this fine region;—and each time, new, and previously unknown beauties, invariably presented themselves to my observation.

In the early spring, the melting snows cause innumerable brooks and rills to stream down the mountain's sides, whose banks present a richly enamelled carpet of flowers of the greatest variety of shades and colours,—the delicate purple crocus, pale blue dwarf

iris—and bright crimson anemone—mingle as in the lap of Flora, with every possible description of the bulbous genus; whilst the innumerable stone terraces—those lasting monuments of industry and labour, scarped, as it were, out of the very sides of the mountain, and sustaining but a scanty portion of its fertile mould,—are nevertheless bearing the most luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, waving with the greenest hues,—and the eye thence revels o'er the various and varied shades of verdure in the plains below,—as it alternately reposes on the bright mulberry plantation, the sombre blueish tint of the olive, or the dark and gloomy pines of Fakr-el-Din's venerable forest, all of which stretch out in succession at the traveller's feet.

The following sketch of Mountain Scenery is from Sir Charles Napier's war in Syria.* "I have travelled in Switzerland and in the Tyrol, and admired the romantic scenery that you meet with in those fine countries; but still I give the preference to

* Vol. i. chap. xiv.

Mount Lebanon. The whole country is one mass of rocks heaped one on the other; and every spot of land, capable of cultivation is supported by terraces, and irrigated by streams of water from springs which are abundant in the mountain. On these terraces the mulberry tree is cultivated with great care, and grows with much luxurience. Fruit and vegetables of every description are grown in great abundance. The mountains produce only a sufficient quantity of grain for three months consumption; the other nine months are supplied from the plains of the Bokaa, or by importation. The roads throughout the mountains are purposely bad, to render the passage of artillery impracticable. This assists the mountaineers in the defence of their country. The mountain passes are strong, and if bravely defended by peasants alone, no army, ever so well disciplined, could obtain possession of them without immense loss."

The summer and autumn months are ushered in by every contribution of Vertumnus and Pomona;—figs and grapes,—

dates and water melons, citrons, oranges, and plantains, are all to be culled in this second Eden; and whilst their juice is often converted into the most delicious sherbet, this pleasing beverage is rendered cool and refreshing by the ice and snow,* brought from the high peaks of Sunneen and Kneesi;—to the neighbourhood of whose cooling influence many of the more affluent natives of Beyrout resort during the hottest weather, either pitching their tents, or trusting to the proverbial hospitality of the hills.

* This is an article of great consumption at Beyrout, during the heats of summer—and large quantities of "Tullish" are sold in the Bazaars.—A large lump of ice being spitted on an upright iron peg, is rapidly turned round by the vendor, who with a knife neatly scrapes it off into the glass of sherbet or water, which is thus rendered delightfully cool and refreshing.

As to a summer abode in the mountains, the traveller is hereby strongly recommended to provide himself with a tent on the occasion,—as he will else be apt to receive rather a warmer greeting than he may deem agreeable, from the legions of fleas, and others of "hoc genus omne," with which the abodes of the peasantry are invariably tenanted.

If the inhabitants of the plain, can, during the heats of summer, fly to the mountains:

"So varied and so terrible in beauty,
Where, in the rugged majesty of rocks
And toppling trees that twine their roots with snow,
In perpendicular places, where the foot
Of man would tremble, could he reach them:"

on the other hand, their hardy denizens may, during the wild inclemency of their often severe winter, thaw their frozen limbs by effecting a speedy descent into the ever verdant plains at their base, where both frost and snow are unknown, except as forming the back ground of an ever beautiful landscape; and as the setting sun sinks into the blue waters of the Mediterranean, whilst gilding the high and hoary peaks of Lebanon, his here potent rays still impart a genial glow to those picturesque groups, which we ever behold dreaming o'er their soothing chibouques and narghilis, at the entrance of yon "Khān,"* overshadowed by the

* The Khāns in Syria, are buildings erected for the accommodation of the traveller,—who, however, with the exception of the shelter thus afforded, has to provide himself with every other requisite.

Ficus Indicus; the plantain and the date-tree.

The whole range of Lebanon extends between the 33rd and 36th degrees of North latitude, from the River Assey (the ancient Orontes), to its southern limits, bounded by the Létani (the Leontes of old), which rising near Baalbec flows through the plain of the Boccah, and falls into the sea, in the neighbourhood of Sour (Tyre).

Over an extent of upwards of one hundred and fifty miles, these mountains are inhabited by a number of different races of people, its productions and climate are varied as its population, and its appearance and features alter at every step.

Sometimes receding from the sea coast,—as to the southward of Beyrout,—it leaves a broad intermediate space of fertile plain, covered with the richest productions,—whilst at others it abruptly terminates in beetling crags, whose wave-worn base is for ever lashed with ceaseless breakers. Occasionally, as in the Keshrouan, the more

elevated ridges are gradually attained by gentle undulations, covered with the mulberry, the fig, and vine--in other places again the precipitous sides of the mountain, severed by a dark and fathomless chasm, through which rages a foaming torrent, are scarped out into a succession of terraces, which, like a gigantic flight of steps, often ascend to the bare, or pine-covered upper regions, and serve to support the scanty though fertile mould,—from whence a frugal and industrious peasantry derive their hard-earned, and oft scanty subsistence.

Sometimes deeper fissures,—as if the vast chain had from its very centre been rent and torn by some extraordinary convulsion of nature, run for miles inland, forming narrow valleys, precipitous ravines, and deep and yawning chasms, which terminate on the coast by the discharge of a mountain stream, —at times clear, placid, and gently murmuring in its quiet progress,—but which, during the winter months, and on the melting of the snows, rages with ungovernable fury through a deep rocky channel, and

leaves behind a long track of red discoloured waters,—as at the conclusion of its headlong course, it at last loses itself, for ever, in the wide expanse of the great "White Sea."* Such is the Nahār-é-Khelb, or Dog River, with its *Wad* or valley, separating the districts of El-kata and Keshrouan.

These dark, wild, fathomless, and pine-shaded glens,—the terraced and precipitous side of the mountain, occasionally dotted with the white, square, flat roofed abodes of the peasantry, solidly constructed of stone, whilst the more gentle undulations at its base are covered with cultivation, villages, and convents,—present oft the greatest contrasts between the industry and works of man and the wild freaks of nature; and as the bewildered spectator stands on the high ridge above Hemānā, and looks on the chaotic mass of mountain and valley, of forest and torrent, of bare craggy rock, strangely commingled with luxuriant vegetation,—widely stretching at his feet; he in vain

* The Mediterranean is so called by the Easterns.

racks the stores of memory to recall any scene like that spread out before him,—only bounded in the far west by the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean, melting into the richest azure of a cloudless Syrian sky!

El Dgebail *the* mountain,—as Lebanon is called *par excellence*, presents from its peculiar circumstances and situation, a variety of different and opposite characteristics, which would in vain be sought for in other alpine regions.

It resembles neither the Atlas, the Alps, nor the Appenines, though, perhaps, uniting the various characteristics of all, and most strongly reminded me; though on a much larger scale, of the Sierras on the eastern coast of Spain, whose fertile sides, under the genial influence of the same latitude, teem with the luscious grape and juicy fig—whilst their bare and rugged summits lose themselves in clouds and snow.

Volney says that the geological formation of the range of Lebanon is of hard, white, calcareous stone,—and all the dwellings in the mountain are built of such. Iron

abounds in some districts, as in the Kesh-rouan and in the Druse country; and there exist no doubt, veins of other metals still undiscovered, which the oppressive measures always on such occasions resorted to by their tyrannical rulers, make the people interested in concealing; as what might otherwise be a great source of wealth and revenue becomes one of misery and exaction. Such was a few years past, the result of the discovery of a coal mine at Kornail, during the rule of the Egyptians,—when the unfortunate country people, from far and near, were forcibly pressed to work it,*—whilst their beasts of burthen were also put in requisition to transport its produce to the nearest sea-port town!

The Lebanon, like other mountainous regions, has been for ages the refuge of the oppressed, and the seat of liberty and independence; but it possesses the additional characteristic of constituting such a stronghold in a part of the world which, from time

* Vide Commodore Napier's War in Syria, vol. i. p. 179.

immemorial, has been the theatre of the greatest changes and revolutions to which the human race have been exposed. In the midst of Mahomedanism and intolerance, it has for ages been the retreat—not only of Christian but of other sects, which in its fastnesses have successfully resisted the all-encroaching sway of the disciples of Islam.

Hence are met with here so many different religions, the votaries of which all exercise with freedom their several rites—idolatrous Anzaries; time-serving Druses; Greeks, orthodox and schismatic; Mutualis and Maronites—the joyful sound of whose bells gladdens the heart of the good Catholic,—almost within hearing of the cry of the Muezzin, and sight of the Moslem minarets.

But as some explanation as to all these various sects may not be uninteresting to the reader, I will endeavour to give a short account of each, together with the peculiar districts of the Mountain, to which, in general, they are severally confined:—

In the following remarks on the different Tribes of Lebanon, the authority principally

referred to is Volney, whose long residence in these mountains caused him to obtain more knowledge of the people, than probably fell to the lot of any subsequent traveller; and an occasional reference to his work, coupled with my own observations on the subject, will enable the reader to form some idea of the state of things in this part of Syria.

The most northern district of the range, extending as far as the Nāhār-é-Kibir, or Great River, in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, is occupied by a sect of idolators, called the Anzari.

Not having myself had an opportunity of visiting this part of the country, I shall give Volney's own account of this extraordinary people, of whom little is as yet known:—*

"Their origin is an historical fact, of which we have little knowledge, but which is, nevertheless, sufficiently instructive; and I will relate what a writer, who obtained his information from the primitive source, says on the subject:—†

* See Note at the end of this volume.

† Assemani.

"In the year of the Greeks, 1202, (that is to say 891, after Christ), there existed in the neighbourhood of Koufa, a village of *Nasar*, one who by constant fasts and prayers, and an appearance of the greatest poverty, was at last considered as a saint: many people having declared themselves his partisans, he chose from amongst the latter twelve persons to disseminate his new doctrines. However, the Commandant of the place, alarmed at these proceedings, caused this old man to be seized and thrown into prison.

"His misfortune excited the compassion of a slave girl belonging to the gaoler, who determined on effecting his release, and she soon found an opportunity of so doing. One day, taking advantage of her master being in a state of intoxication, she, during his sleep, abstracted the keys from under his pillow, and having opened the prison doors, gently replaced them, without his having any knowledge of what had occurred: next day, on proceeding to visit his prisoner, the gaoler was the more astonished to find the

place empty, as he observed no traces of violence. He then thought that the old man had been delivered by an angel, and he the more readily spread this report in order to exculpate himself—on the other hand, the old man related the same to his disciples, and gave himself up more than ever, to the dissemination of his religious principles,—he even wrote a book, in which amongst other things, he says: "I, of the village of Nasar, have seen Christ, who is the Word of God, who is Ahmad, son of Mohammed, son of Hanafa, of the race of Ali, who is also Gabriel, and he said to me: 'Thou art he who readest with intelligence; thou art the man who speakest truth; thou art the camel who preservest the faithful from wrath; thou art the beast of burden who carriest their load; thou art the Holy Ghost, and John, son of Zachariah—go and instruct mankind to kneel down four times daily in prayer; namely, twice before the rising of the sun, and twice before the setting thereof; turning towards Jerusalem, and thrice exclaiming: 'All-powerful God!—

Highest God!—Greatest God!'—tell them to observe only the second and third feast,—to fast only two days in the year—not to drink beer, but as much wine as they please,—and lastly, that they abstain from the flesh of carnivorous animals.'"

Such is said to be the origin of the Anzarié, and Volney further relates that, about a century afterwards, the Crusaders,* on their march along the coast, met with this people, with whom they engaged in hostilities, which gave rise to the at present little known and obscure fable of the "Old Man of the Mountains, and King of the Assassins"—the latter term being, it is said, derived from this tribe—but by what etymology I cannot explain, though Volney attempts to do so, in a most unsatisfactory, and, in my opinion, incomprehensible manner.†

The Anzarié are said to be divided into three different sects—the *Shamsié*,‡—or adorers of the Sun—the *Khelbié*, or wor-

* William of Tyre, B. xx. c. 30.

† Vide Volney's Syria, p. 209.

‡ From شمس (the sun)

shippers of the Dog,—and the *Quadmousié* who practise sundry mysterious rites and observances connected with the ancient worship of Venus.

The origin of the Shamsié may possibly be from the followers of Zoroaster, those adorers of the sun, the remains of whose magnificent temples at Baalbec, are still to be seen; whilst the vicinity of the birth-place of Adonis, the Byblus of the Greeks, the ancient Gebail, whose wise men were "Calkers" to the fleets of Sidon and Tyre.—Ezekiel ch. xxvii. ver. 9.—was not an inappropriate locality for the worship of the frail goddess, who so truly loved the young hunter, and so sadly lamented his cruel and untimely death. This is also said to have occurred in this neighbourhood on the banks of the Nâhar-é-Ibrahim, a short distance to the north of Djouni Bay; and it may not be here irrelevant to remark, that the flower consecrated by Mythology to the memory of the unfortunate Adonis, the bright-coloured anemone, is that which grows here most abundantly, in a wild state,

on the borders of every stream and rivulet, and, moreover, that the wild boar, the author of his calamity, is, to the present day, found in great numbers all along this coast.

In a few respects, the religious rites of the Anzarié are said to bear some resemblance to those of the Druses, but the fact is that the worship of both these sects is so completely enveloped in a veil of mystery, that hitherto little positive information has been acquired of either, and our knowledge on the subject is still confined to vague reports, fables, and conjecture. The Anzarié are the least numerous of all the tribes inhabiting Lebanon, their census not exceeding 20,000, and the tribe is even daily decreasing in numbers and importance.

The next race which attracts our attention is that of the Maronites, who occupy all the most central valleys and the highest ridges, from the neighbourhood of Tripoli to the south of Beyrout, though the head-quarters, the almost exclusive possession of the Maronite nation, may be considered the

Keshrouan, extending from the Bay of Djouni to the banks of the ravine, through which escapes the Nāhār-é-Khelb:* this district is entirely Christian, and contains alone no less than two hundred convents.

"This district, called the Keshrouan, is," says Burckhardt, "about three and a half hours in length, from north to south. The principal and almost sole produce is silk.

* "We came," says Maundrell, "to the River Lycus, called also sometimes Canis, and by the Turks at this day, *Nahor Kelp*. It derives its name from an idol in the form of a dog or wolf, which was worshipped and is said to have pronounced oracles at this place. The image is pretended to be shewn to strangers at this day, lying in the sea with its heels upward: I mean the body of it; for its oracular head is reported to have been broken off, and carried to Venice, where, if fame be true, it may be seen at this day.

I know not by what mistake several modern geographers confound this river with the Adonis, making them to be one and the same, &c. &c.

* * * * *

where we have a good bridge of four arches, near the foot of which, is a piece of white marble inlaid in the side of a rock with an Arab inscription on it, intimating its founder to have been *Emir Faccardini*, (of whom I shall have occasion to speak more when I come to Beroot.)" * * * *

Wheat and barley are sown, but not in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the people. The quantity of silk produced annually amounts to about 60 Kantars, or 330 English quintals. The miri, or land-tax, is taken upon the mule-load of mul-berry-leaves—eight or ten trees generally yielding one load."

* * * *

"Such is the condition of this Christian Commonwealth, which, instead of deserving the envy of other Christians living under the Turkish yoke, is in a more wretched state than any other part of Syria."

Supposing this statement to be correct at the time it was written, (1812,) it is evident, that, notwithstanding the tyranny to which it has been subject in the intermediate space of time, the condition of this province has greatly improved, for, at the present moment, it certainly is not in a more wretched state than any other part of Syria, and, under a just and equitable government, it ought to be, from the natural advantages it possesses, one of the most happy and flourishing spots

on the face of the globe; but ere it attains to this enviable state, Ottomah, nay Mahomedan dominion, must be overthrown.

Burckhardt further remarks:—"The Keshrouan presents a most interesting aspect; on the one hand, are steep and lofty mountains, full of villages and convents, built on their rocky sides, and on the other, a fine bay, and a plain of about a mile in breadth, extending from the mountains to the sea. There is hardly any place less fit for culture than the Keshrouan,* yet it has become the most populous part of the country. The satisfaction of inhabiting the neighbourhood of places of sanctity, of hearing church-bells, which are found in no other part of Syria, and of being able to give loose to religious feelings, are the chief attractions which have peopled the Keshrouan with Catholic Christians, for the present state of the country offers no political advantage whatever; *on the contrary*, the extortions of the Druses have reduced the

* A strange assertion, but Burckhardt, as well as others, may occasionally labour under a mistake.

peasant to the most miserable state of poverty, more miserable even, than that in the Eastern plain of Syria; nothing but religious freedom induces the Christians to submit to these extortions, added perhaps, to the pleasure which the Catholics feel in persecuting their brethren of the Greek church, for the few Greeks who are settled here, are not better treated by the Maronites, than a Damascene Christian might expect to be by a Turk."

The Maronites are said to derive their origin from a hermit of the name of Marounius, who in the 6th century, (a period when religious controversy was already carried to a great extent between Rome and the Lower Empire), lived on the banks of the Orontes, —and, like the founder of the sect of the Anzarié, by the penances and mortifications he underwent, gained many followers, with whom he strenuously supported the interests of Rome, against the encroachments of the Greek Church—the latter proved, however, too powerful, and obliged Marounius and his disciples to take refuge in those

mountains, where his descendants remain to this day, and continue still in obedience to the Papal See—but always paying tribute to the Turks, to whom this province was ceded by the Caliph Hakem-b'amr-ellah, A.D. 1014.—As even at that distant period, the Maronites could raise as many as 40,000 armed men,*—it may be supposed, they were never very dutiful servants to the Sublime Porte,—the payment of their tribute was consequently very uncertain, and varied according to the power of enforcing it, till at last, they were brought under subjection, A.D. 1588, by Amurath the Third,—though, uniting with the celebrated Fakr-el-Din, they for a time threw off the Moslem yoke, and continued tributaries to the Porte, until the invasion of Syria by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha.

Although in religious matters fully acknowledging the supremacy of Rome, to whom its Church was permanently united, so long since as the year 1215,—its clergy still continue to maintain the right of electing their

* Vide William of Tyre.

Bishops and Patriarchs, and the priesthood arrogates, moreover, to itself, the privilege of dispensing with a state of celibacy, and entering into the marriage state.

The Clergy, always taken from the order of the Monks, are maintained by the free gifts of their parishioners, and by cultivating, —often with their own hands,—a small portion of land, which serves for the frugal support of themselves and their families;— and though poor, they possess unbounded power over the people, and even over many of the Sheikhs and Emirs. This is often turned to account by the Jesuits, and other intriguing Catholic emissaries, who are generally to be found here in the employ of France,—from whence yearly contributions are sent, nominally to keep up the religious establishments, and relieve the wants of the poorer orders, but in reality to maintain an influence which they are taking the utmost pains to increase, and which is only equalled by that which Russia possesses in this country, through the means of the Greek Clergy.

Lamartine, in 1832, estimated the Maro-

nite population at 200,000 inhabitants, of whom 35,000 were reckoned capable of bearing arms—of which, by the bye, they had then been for the first time deprived by order of Mehemet Ali. All this population, —with one single exception,—consists of a most frugal and industrious people,—and that exception is contained in the two hundred abodes spread over this part of Lebanon, inhabited by those useless, and, generally speaking, vicious drones of society—the Monks;—who, it is said, to the number of twenty-five thousand, devour the produce of the country, and tend to impoverish its hard working inhabitants. Amongst these two hundred abodes of vice, indolence, and sloth, are several Nunneries, and although Lamartine largely expatiates on the purity of the morals and exemplary mode of life led by the several orders of both sexes,—still, if old chronicles are to be believed, and more modern tales credited, the French traveller was sadly deceived on the subject.

In an old work published in 1735, which I discovered amidst the musty folios of the

British Museum,* I find that so far back as the year 1596, the disorders which oc-

* Called: "Relazione di alcuni *accidenti* occorsi nella Siria presso la Nazione Maronita, e provvedimenti sopra di essi presi dalla Santa Sede Apostolica, 1735."

The Relazione states, that the opinion is false which derives the origin of this people from an heretic called Maronius,—but is to be attributed to a monk St. Maronius, who presided over a court of monks, (but gives no dates).

Clement 8th, in 1596, sent a delegate to the Maronites, to settle various disorders and controversies. About 1735, a schism having arisen amongst the Maronites, by the election of *two* patriarchs, Giuseppe Simone Assemanni was sent as a delegate to settle the dispute, which he did by causing himself to be elected patriarch, and afterwards convened an Ecclesiastical Council to regulate several abuses; amongst the list we find the following one:—"Secundo: au Canon, quoad cohabitationem prohibitam Monialium, seu Mulierum cum monachis, sustineatur, vel quomodo moderandus." —On which the following resolution was passed:—

Sopra il secondo dubbio circa la coabitazione delle Monache co' Monaci, fu dai Signori Cardinali, ed anche dalla Santità di nostro Signore considerato, e stimato bene doversi necessariamente provvedere, che in avvenire non si debbano più riedificare simili monasterj doppj, cioè contigui, ed uniti da servire, come per lo passato, uno per i Monaci e per le Monache l'altro; in quelli poi gia esistenti in tal modo, fu ingiunto sotto pena di Scomunica *'latæ sententiæ*, che non vi dovesse esser alcun adito dagli uni agli altri; ed in caso mai che

curred in the Convents and Monasteries of Mount Lebanon, were the cause of a delegate being sent from Rome to rectify those licentious abuses, and that a similar mission also took place in 1735, when several strict regulations were enacted on the subject;—twenty or thirty years after this, the horrible disclosures which took place at the convent of El Kourket, in the Keshrouan, in the case of the celebrated Prophetess Hendia, (of which subsequent mention will be made) did not greatly serve to enhance the *moral*

quest' adito già vi fosse, e non potesse chiudersi, o per l'angustia del luogo, o per qualche altro ragionevole motivo, fu ordinato che le Monache si dovessero, ad arbitrio del Patriarca, trasferire in altro luogo approposito, ed apportato, &c. &c. * * * *

The "Emir," or "Duke" of the Druses, an Infidel Governor, was much pleased with the conclusion of this affair, (the election of the delegate of Rome), and he expressed his will that the Bishops and his Christian subjects should submit to the ordinations of the Papal See.

Hunter, in his "Expedition to Syria," corroborates this statement, and circumstances which have come to the Author's personal knowledge, further justify this assertion of the general depravity of this class in Mount Lebanon, and, may be, elsewhere.

character of these devout recluses, "of those simple and laborious men, who, wishing to consecrate their lives to prayer and freedom of mind, renounce the cares of a rising family, and consecrate themselves to God and labour, in one of these mountain retreats."*

Volney and others could perhaps tell a different tale, connected with the adoration of the fair Prophetess, and of how many of these "laborious men" were in the habit of sedulously worshipping at her Paphian shrine!

These godly men are mostly of the order of Saint Antonius, but there are found among them a few Franciscans and Lazarists, and at Bhekfeyia in the district of El Kata, is a convent composed of Jesuits, mostly Europeans;—but whatever fault may be found with the monks, the village curates who administer the offices of religion to their parishioners, though furnished by the former class, are, generally speaking, a highly re-

* Lamartine's Voyage en Orient, page 146.

spectable body of men, though perhaps rather prone to abuse their authority.

The Bishops are also taken from the numerous drone hives, and a very small degree of learning qualifies them for their exalted title—but different from the condition of their brother officers in other countries, boasting of a greater degree of civilization, the reward of these teachers of the gospel is proportioned to their merits—and a bishop here with a revenue of a hundred a year, is looked upon as being fully competent to support his dignity, and is enabled, whilst mounted on his mule, and followed by a single attendant, to visit his diocese, with what is considered quite sufficient sacerdotal dignity!

The civil government of this part of the mountain, was, after the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha, *nominally* placed under the charge of the Emir Beschir Cassim, with the same powers as those possessed by his uncle, the old Emir Beschir, of whom mention will be shortly made; we will, however, first conclude our description of the other

tribes of the mountain, by a short notice of the Mutualis and their neighbours the Druses.*

The Mutualis, inhabiting at present the plain of the Boccah, the sides of the Anti-Libanus, and that lower part of the Southern Lebanon, extending to the north-east of Sour, (Tyre), are a Mahomedan sect, which originated in the thirty-sixth year of the Hegira, on the occasion of the feud existing between Omar and Mouwaïah, and Ali, the son-in-law of the prophet. The Mutualis are followers of the latter, and under the appellation of Sheeahs, constitute the prevailing caste in Persia; hating the opposite sect of Sunnees, (the followers of Omar,) with the more virulence, as after all, as in the case of many other religious controversies, the variance of creeds appears to consist in little more than some trifling differences as to the observances of a few outward forms—for instance, the Sheeah invokes the names of Hussein and Ali, and commences his ablu-

* For a more full account of the latter vide Burckhardt's "Travels in Syria and the Holy Land."

tions at the elbow—whilst the Sunnee, strenuously calling on Omar and Mouwaïah, purifies himself by first wetting the tips of his fingers. The Sunnee can moreover eat with persons belonging to a different religion —whereas the Sheeāh considers himself contaminated by such impure contact, and even breaks the culinary vessels which have been touched by one not professing his own dogmas, as being thereby polluted and rendered unfit for use.

About the sixteenth century of the Christian era this people occupied Baalbec, but their descendants gradually extending themselves into the southern part of Lebanon, at last excited the uneasiness of the Emir Youssouf, who drove them out of that territory, where he put every thing to fire and the sword.

These Mutualis, however, having formed an alliance with Dahir, the Sheikh of Acre, in 1760, took ample vengeance on their antagonists; twenty-five thousand of whom they are said to have surprised, defeated, and nearly destroyed by a small force, consisting of only five hundred men.

The number of the Mutualis have for some time past been on the decrease, and they, at present, form but an inconsiderable portion of the population of Lebanon.

Crossing the district of Kata, and proceeding to the southern range of hills, extending parallel to the coast, from the neighbourhood of Beyrout to the gently sloping heights above Sidon—we come to the country of the Druses, whose origin, belief, religious rites and ceremonies, have long been enveloped in the darkest mystery, and still continue to afford food for conjecture and speculation;* during my residence in Syria, I made these subjects the object of constant inquiry and research, but was not able to obtain more than the very limited information that other authors have already imparted, which shall therefore be recapitulated as briefly as possible.

The very origin of the Druse people

* Even Lady Hester Stanhope, who from her constant intercourse with this people for a succession of years, would have had more than ordinary opportunities of obtaining this information, confessed her total ignorance on the subject.—(Lamartine's Voyage en Orient, p. 148.)

is unknown; for some time an absurd opinion prevailed, fostered by the designing Fākr-el-Din, that they were descended from the Crusaders—but independent of this supposition being refuted by the facts of their not retaining any traces of Christianity or of the Frankish idiom, being idolatrous and speaking the Arabic language—this theory is, moreover, completely upset by the circumstance of mention having been made of the Druse nation by an old writer, Benjamin of Tudela, *before* the period of the crusades.

It is more probable, at the time when the religion of Mohammed appeared in Arabia, and spread so rapidly over the whole East,—that the Druses were some idolatrous tribes, perhaps of roving Bedouin Arabs, who in order to escape the fanatical persecution of the first Caliphs—threw themselves into the fastnesses of Mount Lebanon, and there, in conjunction with the Maronites, have ever since succeeded in maintaining, to a certain degree, their independence. Lamartine is also of this way of thinking, and adds:*—

* Voyage en Orient, p. 148.

"In my opinion, the Druses are one of those nations, whose origin is lost in the darkness of remote ages,—but which is derived from the highest antiquity. In a physical point of view, their race has a great resemblance to that of the Jews; and their worship of the calf* would induce the belief, either that they were of Samaritan origin, or derive their descent from those tribes of Arabia Petrea, through whose example the Israelites adopted this species of idolatry."

Be that as it may, there appears to me to

* This assertion is strongly corroborated by a circumstance which occurred to a Druse Sheikh of high rank, who came to England in 1841, and with whom the author was personally acquainted. Amongst other curiosities from Syria, brought back by the officers engaged in the expedition, was the brazen image of a calf, which inadvertently was shewn to the Sheikh, and with a most blameable want of delicacy, the question was put to him, if he actually worshipped such things? A periodical paper stated the young man's reply to have been, that had such a question been put to him in his own country, "death" to the interrogator would have been the answer. This, however, is not correct; but the Sheikh shewed by his manner the greatest indignation at what he no doubt considered an insult, and maintained for several subsequent days a dignified reserve.

be in the chain of connection, between the religion of the ancient Egyptians, the worshippers of the bull Apis;—and that of the followers of Brahma in the far East;—a wanting link,—which perhaps time and research may unravel to be those tenets imputed to the Druses of Mount Lebanon.—The worship of images representing a calf, has with every appearance of veracity been traced to the latter, and would seem to confirm this supposition of some, at present, unknown connexion having, during former and remote periods, subsisted between the Druses, and those two celebrated nations whose principal deity was the ox, which to this day continues to be an object of adoration over the greater part of Hindostan.

The metempsychosis or transmigration of the Soul, is also said to be a prevalent doctrine amongst the Druses, who believe that after a virtuous and deserving career, the principle of life is renewed in another human frame—whereas its translation into the body of a camel, or dog,* is the punish-

* The distinction between the Druse and Anzarié, is here made evident, the latter holding that animal sacred.

ment, after death, of evil actions committed in this world.

One circumstance relating to this extraordinary people, which has now become generally known, is their division into the two classes, *Okhâls*, or initiated, and the *Djéhéls*, or ignorant;—and it is considered a high privilege to belong to the former order, who reserve to themselves the celebration of many mysterious rites, carefully concealed from the eye of the vulgar, even of their own nation.

The Djéhéls, and indeed, generally speaking, all the Druses, appear perfectly indifferent on religious subjects—every creed seeming equally well to suit their ready yielding consciences. They will prostrate themselves in the direction of Mecca, at the call of the Muezzin, when with their Moslem friends;—make the sign of the cross, with the Roman Catholic, and often become seeming converts to the numerous American Missionaries now dispersed amongst their mountains. In short, the Druse, in addition to his own unknown and mysterious invo-

cations, pronounces the several names of Moses, of Jesus Christ, and Mohâmmed, with equal reverence and veneration, or may be, equal indifference.

They are nevertheless a brave, honest, and frugal race—practising the virtues of hospitality, to a degree unknown amongst more civilized nations—but never forgetting an injury until it be washed out and obliterated by the life blood of the offender.*

There is another version of the origin and derivation of the Druses, which is related by the Arab historian, El Makin—he states that in the year of the Hegira, 386, (A. D. 996), Hakem-b'amr-ellah, the third Caliph of the Fatimite race, ascended the throne of Egypt,—and amongst other freaks worthy

* After the battle of Navarino, many Europeans established in the several towns along the coast, dreading the resentment of the Turks, took refuge amongst the Druses, and resided in their mountains with the most perfect security. As to their vindictive propensities—the "Lex Talionis," or blood for blood, is in force with them, as well as amongst the Maronites—a further argument in favour of their probable descent from the tribes of the Desert.

of a Nero, or Caligula, this madman wished to pass himself off as the Deity, in which design he was seconded by an impostor named Mohammed-ben-Ismael, who had been playing the part of a Prophet in Persia;—the chief doctrines of this worthy were—that fasting, prayer, circumcision, pilgrimage, and the observance of the festivals were useless; that the prohibitions against pork and wine were absurd; and that marriages contracted between brothers and sisters, parents and children, were legal and allowable.

To ingratiate himself with the Caliph, he maintained that the former was an incarnation of the Deity;—but unfortunately for him, his new god could neither protect himself nor his prophet from the effects of an insurrection, during which they were both put to death on Mount Mokattem, (near Cairo), whither they had retired to engage in a supposed conference with the angels.*

After the death of Hakem and Mohammed, their doctrines were extended through

* El Makin, B. I.

Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, by a zealous disciple of the name of Hamza-ben-Achmet, who propagated them as far as Sidon and Beyrout—however, soon after, these sectaries were forced to seek refuge in the mountains of Lebanon, where they finally settled, and forming an alliance with the neighbouring Maronites, set, in succession, at defiance the encroachments of the Crusaders—the Sultans of Aleppo—and the Mamelukes of Egypt—nor was their condition altered after the latter had ceded Syria to the Turks, until the reign of Amurath the Fourth, who, as we have already seen, about 1630 of the Christian æra, deposed Fākr-el-Din, and levied a tribute, the payment of which the Mountaineers have never since been able entirely to shake off.

As to the Druses, Burckhardt remarks: ".Their maxim appears to be to conform to the religious practices of the country they reside in." * * * "They bear an inveterate hatred to all religions save their own, particularly to that of the Franks, in consequence of a current tradition that Eu-

ropeans will one day overthrow the commonwealth." * * * * "The Druses are very fond of raw meat; whenever a sheep is killed, the heart, raw liver, &c. are considered dainties. The Christians follow their example, but with the addition of a glass of brandy after every slice. In many parts of Syria I have seen the common people eat raw meat in their favourite dish the Kobbes,—the women especially indulge in this luxury."

Although the author never beheld these feasts of raw meat, he has reason to believe that the Mountaineers still retain the custom here alluded to.

Maundrell, who visited Syria in 1697, says:—

"Their present Prince is Achmet, grandson to Faccardine, and who keeps up the customs of his ancestors, of turning day into night—an hereditary practice in his family, from a traditional persuasion amongst them, that Princes can never sleep securely, but by day, * * * * but that in the night it concerns them to be vigilant, &c. &c.,

lest it should give traitors and others opportunities," &c. &c.

I am not aware that any trace of this custom exists at the present day.

Burckhardt, in mentioning the Druses, says:—"about 80 years ago, (this was written about 1812,) the country was divided into two great parties: the Keisy (whose banner was red) and the Yemeny (whose banner was white); the whole Christian population ranged themselves on one side or the other. The Keisy gained the ascendancy; at this time arose the three sects of Djoumblat, Yezbeky, and Naked, of which the former have the ascendancy, and their chief is called 'Sheikh Beschir.'"

On the death of Fakr-el-Din, his posterity continued to govern the Mountain, until the failure of male issue, which occurred in 1722, when a powerful Mahomedan family, of the name of Shéhab, which for a long period had been established at Hasbeyah, to the eastward of the Boccâh, by one of those sudden changes of fortune, so common in the East, succeeded to the

supremacy of Mount Lebanon, the government of which has, until very lately, continued in the same dynasty.*

The Shéhābs call themselves *Sheriffes*, or descendants of the Prophet, and it is related of them, that so far back as the Caliphat of Abubekr, an ancestor of theirs, by name Abdallah, had established his residence at a place called Beit-Shiabi, in the desert of Damascus, (from whence is derived the family name,) but having joined the forces of Abubekr, when the latter invaded Syria, he greatly distinguished himself at the capture of Damascus, and was rewarded for his bravery by a grant of land at Hasbeyah, in the Anti-Libanus, whence his descendants, who for some time previous had been gradually increasing in power and influence, were at last called on, at the beginning of the last century, to the government of the "Mountain."

* At the time this was written the Emir Beschir Cassim, the successor of the old Emir Beschir, had been deposed and succeeded by Omar Pasha, a German by birth, but who had adopted the Moslem creed on entering the Turkish service.

We hear little mention made of these "Grand Princes of Lebanon," until the accession of the Emir Milhem, (the uncle of the old Emir Beschir, who was deposed during the late expedition to Syria). Milhem was succeeded in rotation by his father Mansour, and his own son Yous-souf. The Emir Youssouf, finding his young cousin Beschir endowed with extraordinary talents, decision and shrewdness, early associated him in the direction of affairs—but the latter repaid his confidence and kindness by intriguing with Djezzar Pasha, through whose means he succeeded in getting his protector deposed, and in being elected in his stead; when a bribe of 4000 purses (£20,000) enabled him to remove entirely the man whom he had already treated with such base ingratitude, by inducing the sanguinary Pasha of Acre to sign the death-warrant of the Emir.

These events happened in 1789, shortly after which Djezzar Pasha invited Beschir to come to Acre, to receive the investiture of his government, and on his arrival caused

him to be seized and imprisoned, in hopes he would purchase his release by a considerable ransom, which Beschir was totally unable to do. He remained, therefore, in close confinement for the space of nearly two years, when he was at last delivered by the intercession of a very beautiful and clever woman, named El Sit Abbouse, who came from the Mountains, and insinuating herself into the good graces of the amorous old Pasha, succeeded in causing him to diminish greatly the amount fixed for the ransom of the Prince, whom she at last succeeded in liberating, when he returned to his Palace at Thdin,* married the widow of a Mahometan Prince, who brought him great riches, embraced Christianity, and retained tranquil possession of his government until the year 1801.

During this period important events, big with momentous consequences, were occurring in the plains of Palestine. The French, in the spring of 1799, invaded Syria

* Near Dhair-el-Kamar, (the Convent of the Moon,) about seven hours march to the S.E. of Beyrout.

with a powerful army. Napoleon, encountering little opposition, had penetrated as far as Acre, and on the fate of that important fortress seemed now to hinge the fate of the whole East.

An unexpected obstacle, however, opposed him in his hitherto resistless career;—our galiant countryman, Sir Sydney Smith, fearlessly threw himslf in his path, and, by his successful defence of Acre, arrested the hand of the spoiler, and earned the eternal gratitude of the world.

Had Bonaparte succeeded in taking Acre, there is no doubt but that the Mountaineers, actuated by their hatred against the Turks, would have instantly declared [illegible] and Lebanon, might have become a starting post from whence French usurpation would have taken such a fresh spring, that there is no saying what goal it might not have attained.

Napoleon, fully aware of the importance of securing the alliance of the Emir Beschir, wrote him the most pressing letters on the subject, but the latter then vacillating, was

confirmed in his neutrality by the revulsion of that moral influence, caused by a hitherto uninterrupted series of success, which was now so suddenly and unexpectedly checked.

The British Commodore was likewise fully aware of the important part that the Mountaineers might play in the hazardous game now on the board, and we will give, in his own words, the account of what he did on this urgent occasion.*

"The circumstances which led to this event, (alluding to the raising of the siege of Acre), subsequently to my last despatch of the 9th inst., are as follows; conceiving that the ideas of the Syrians as to the supposed irresistible prowess of those invaders must be changed since they had witnessed the check they daily met with, I wrote a circular letter to the Princes and Chiefs of the Christians of Mount Lebanon, also to the Sheikhs of the Druses, urging them to a sense of their duty, and engaging them to cut off

* From Sir Sydney Smith's despatches, Letter 6th, dated Jaffa, May 30th, 1799.

the supplies from the French camp. I sent them, at the same time, a copy of Bonaparte's impious proclamation, in which he boasts of having overthrown all Christian establishments, accompanied by an exhortation, calling upon them to choose between the friendship of a Christian knight, and that of an unprincipled Renegado.

"This letter had all the effect that I could desire,—they immediately sent me two ambassadors, professing not only friendship, but obedience,—assuring me that in proof of the latter, they had sent out parties to arrest such of the Mountaineers as should be found carrying wine and gunpowder to the French camp, and placing eighty prisoners of this description at my disposal. I had thus the satisfaction to find Bonaparte's career further northward effectually stopped by a warlike people, inhabiting an impenetrable country."

Not only had this appeal of the chivalrous "Christian knight" the full and desired effect of deterring the Emir Beschir from joining the "Renegado," but he took active measures against the latter, or rather did

not check such as were undertaken by the Mountaineers, who cut off their supplies from the French army, and were no doubt instrumental, with British valour, in causing that hasty and ignominious retreat, and saving Asia from those scenes of rapine, massacre, and plunder successively inflicted on Italy and Egypt, Spain and Portugal, and, finally, on nearly the whole of continental Europe!

There is no doubt that Acre was the first stumbling block, over which, by tripping up the "modern Attila," Sir Sydney Smith laid

He, who all Asia caused to view with awe
Th' approach of France's revolution war."

* * * * *

In 1804 the sons of the late Emir Youssouf, seconded by their advisers, Giorgios Bey and Abdallah, succeeded in causing an insurrection in the mountains, which drove

the Emir Beschir to take refuge in the Hauran, from whence he, however, soon returned, through the mediation of Djezzar Pasha, who, placing him in command of the Druse country, consigned the government of the districts of Gebail and the Keshrouan to the sons of Youssouf; the latter, however, soon rising against a man in their eyes no better than an usurper, obliged him again to have recourse to Djezzar Pasha, who, on the present occasion, refused to interfere on his behalf.

In this extremity the Grand Prince appealed to Sir Sydney Smith, who happened to be then on the coast, and who gave him a passage to Alexandria, where he succeeded in interesting Mehemet Ali in his favour. The latter wrote a threatening letter to Djezzar, requiring him instantly to reinstate the Emir, which was accordingly done,—he was reinstalled at Ebdin,* but on the death of Djezzar Pasha, which occurred shortly

* The word is thus pronounced, though written: بيت الدين "Beit-el-Din," the "abode of religion."

after, he made a sudden irruption into the Keshrouan, and seizing the three sons of Youssouf, caused them to be blinded, whilst he put to death both Giorgios Bey and Abdallah, their ministers; and thus secured to himself the supreme and permanent government of Lebanon.

Burckhardt, alluding to 1812, says:—

"The Emir Beschir is at present master of the whole mountain, from Belad Akka down to near Akka—including the valley of the Bekaa, and part of the Anti-Libanus and Djibel Essheikh. The Bekaa, together with a present of one hundred purses, was given to him in 1810, by Soleiman, Pasha of Acre, for his assistance against Youssouf, Pasha of Damascus. He pays for the possession of the whole country, 530 purses, of which 130 go to Tripoli and 400 to Sayda and Acre; this is exclusive of the extraordinary demands of the Pashas, which amount, at least, to 300 purses more. These sums are paid in lieu of the Miri, which the Emir *collects himself, without accounting for it.*

"The power of the Emir is, however, a mere

shadow, the real government being in the hands of the Druse chief Sheikh Beschir.*"

He continued in the undisturbed possession of a power, which he exercised with the greatest tyranny, until 1819, when his severe exactions caused a rebellion in the country of Ghazirah; the energetic Beschir, however, soon quelled it, and after punishing the insurgents with the greatest cruelty, he, in order to chastise the Pasha of Damascus for having presumed to levy imposts in the mountains, descended with his troops into the plains of the Boccah, defeated the Turks, and had advanced to the gates of Damascus—misled by a forged firman, made out by Abdallah the Pasha of Acre, declaring, from the Divan, the deposition of the Pasha of the latter town.

While things were in this state the real intentions of the Porte became known, and the Emir Beschir, finding himself threatened with its resentment;—a force having already been sent against his ally Abdallah;—thought it more prudent to effect his escape,

* "*Beschir* is a proper name, borne by many people of the Mountain."

and in 1822, once more took refuge with Mehemet Ali, who finally obtained from the Sultan the pardon of both delinquents, on condition of the payment of a fine, together with defraying the expenses of the war.

In 1823, the Grand Prince once more returned to his dominions, where his continued oppressive measures constantly excited revolts, which, by his energy and decision, he as repeatedly suppressed—and the unbounded rapacity which occasioned all these troubles, was only equalled by his relentless cruelty towards their originators, whenever he succeeded in getting the latter into his power.

He was enabled, about this time, to rid himself of a dangerous rival, the Sheikh Beschir, the head of the powerful Druse family of the Djombladts, whom he caused to be put to death at Damascus. But whilst he thus removed the Sheikh Beschir, a member of the Djombladt family still continued to represent the Druse nation, though, in token of submission, he yearly received a pelisse and kissed the hand of the Grand

Prince. Nor did his own family and nearest relations escape from his relentless decrees and sanguinary wrath,—in 1824, he caused his three brothers to be arrested—cut out their tongues—and after causing them to be blinded, banished them, each to a distant and different village, in a remote part of the mountains.*

At the commencement of the Egyptian invasion, in 1831—the Emir Beschir maintained the same cautious policy he had formerly observed towards the French;—until the capture of Acre, by Ibrahim Pasha—when he was forced to declare himself,—as might have been expected,—for the successful party—and Ibrahim secured his allegiance, by taking his son as a hostage, when departing on the expedition to the north of Syria.

Previous to the entrance of the Egyptians into Syria, the sway of the Emir Beschir extended over the whole Mountain, from Tripoli to the vicinity of Acre, including the plain of the Beccah, and part of the

* See Note at the end of this Volume.

Djébél Sheikh in the Anti-Libanus;—under his controul were the Maronites, Druses, and Mutualis;—and had he, by a mild and just government conciliated all parties, and endeavoured to unite amongst themselves his different subjects,—he might have laid the foundation of an independent Christian State, and of a power capable of withstanding the utmost efforts of either Turk or Egyptian, both of whom he could have set at defiance.

The Grand Prince possessed many qualifications which eminently fitted him for such a magnificent undertaking;—he was endowed with energy, courage, and talent, to an eminent degree, but all these brighter qualities were sadly tarnished by his cold-blooded cruelty and insatiable avarice, which, as has already been seen, were the causes of constant insurrections,—to suppress which, he was obliged ever to keep one class of his subjects at enmity with the other, thereby weakening the whole, and paving the way to that supremacy which Ibrahim Pasha

failed not shortly to obtain over the whole of Lebanon.*

In the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, he was obliged to furnish the latter with large subsidies, in men, provisions and money—the former principally raised amongst the Druses;—and these compulsory measures, together with the disarmament of the Mountaineers, and an attempt to establish the conscription, led to the partial revolt of 1839, and to that in 1840,—which was followed by the landing of the Allies at Djouni in September of that year, and the successful

tion of intermarriage with it—he sent a confidential person to Constantinople, who purchased there a beautiful Circassian Slave; after having had her baptized and thus converted into a good Catholic, the Emir married her, and she is said to make an excellent wife, to whom he continues to be sincerely attached.

† Misnamed in Hunter's expedition to Syria: "*Cor-*

On the hasty retreat of Ibrahim Pasha after the latter affair, the Emir Beschir finding himself on the wrong,—because the unsuccessful side,—made overtures to the British Commander in Chief; and on receiving from Sir Robert Stopford a guarantee for the safety of his person and property, he surrendered himself on the 14th October, 1840, and was, with his family and suite, shortly afterwards conveyed to Malta, where a handsome residence was assigned to him.*

A short time previous to his abdication, a firman had been sent by the Porte, appointing his nephew, named Beschir Cassim, to the high-sounding title of "Grand Prince of the Mountain." Though a good man, and generally liked in Lebanon, from his [illegible] and called in Sir Charles Napier's War of [illegible] "Cassim," a want of knowledge of the idiom of a foreign country, causing proper names to be thus often strangely mutilated.

* He is said to have carried off with him in money and jewels upwards of a million pounds sterling, and though this amount is, perhaps, much exaggerated, there is no doubt but that the fruits of so many years plunder and hoarding, amounted to a very large sum.

mild and unassuming character and conduct, —the want of energy, and advanced time of life of the new Prince, (he being nearly seventy years of age,) rendered him quite unfit for the responsible situation which he had been so unexpectedly called upon to occupy, and it will subsequently be seen how short a time he was enabled to maintain it.

Having now brought our outline of the history of the Mountain to the time we treat of, we will, after saying a few words of its present condition, dismiss the subject for lighter and more exciting themes.

Generally speaking, the landed property of Mount Lebanon is divided as follows: The Emir Beschir and Shehab family possess in their own right, large tracts of land, as do also the several other Emirs,* and Sheikhs of the Mountain; the convents are also endowed with considerable property; next come the possessions of the richer class of commoners, and lastly the freeholds belonging to some of the peasantry.

From the nature of its relations with the

* Or rather *Oumrahs*, which is the plural of Emir, (a Prince.)

Porte, there never were any *Crown lands* in the Mountain, though tracts of uncultivated ground in the Hauran were so appropriated, as also a small portion of the "Séhel," or plain of the Boccāh. These lands were however granted as military fiefs, to a class of noble Mahomedans named the Zoāmāh, who retained their possessions until deprived of them by Ibrahim Pasha. The lands of the Zoāmāh, which were situated in the Hauran, Ibrahim distributed amongst his own officers, whilst those in the Séhel-é-Boccāh, (with the exception of five villages to be made over to the Emir Beshir, for the annual sum of two hundred purses, (about £1000,)

The productions of the Mountain consist chiefly in fig-trees, mulberry plantations for the nourishment of the silkworm, and vineyards, yielding excellent grapes, which are either converted into raisins, or a capital description of wine;* whilst the olive and

* During the Roman Empire, the wines of Mount Lebanon were held in great reputation. The Cactus, or prickly-pear plant, produces quantities of fruit, which is here in great request.

prickly-pear are much cultivated on the borders of the plain.

Such of the peasantry as do not possess freeholds, retain their lands from the Sheikh or Emir of the district, on the condition of giving up one-fourth of the annual produce; but all are forced to join his standard in the event of war; whilst the nobles are under a similar obligation to the Grand Prince, to whom they likewise pay a tribute derived from their respective districts. From these legitimate sources of wealth, added to what he got by his grasping, rapacity and unheard-of extortions, the old Emir Beschir was said to be the wealthiest man in Syria, and worth, at one period, upwards of two millions sterling.

It has been a matter of doubt and speculation whether Syria has, on the *whole*, benefitted, or not, by the change from the government of the Sultan, to that of Mehemet Ali,—so severe were the exactions and tyranny inflicted on that unfortunate country, by both these Moslem rulers: but as far as Mount Lebanon is concerned, there can be but one opinion, viz.: that it was

subject to greater tyranny, under Mehemet Ali, than the Porte ever dared to countenance; for whilst the plains and towns on the coast, were subject, under their old tyrants,—in addition to the regular taxation, —to ever-repeated arbitrary extortions, enforced by their several Pashas, and which, under the name of *Avania*, were raised on every pretence of public exigency,—the tribute of the Mountain was levied by the Grand Prince alone, who became amenable for a certain annual sum to the Turkish Government,—which sum varied according to the means and power possessed by the Porte of enforcing it.*

Therefore became the interest of the Emir to diminish, as much as possible, the amount he paid to the Porte, whilst the pro-

* At the beginning of last century this tribute amounted to 160 purses; it was in 1760 reduced to 80, (Volney,) and has ever since continued to vary; but when confined to the latter sum, for so large a tract of country, it became merely nominal; however, Burckhardt states, that in 1810, the annual tribute paid by the Emir Beschir amounted to 530 purses.

duce of any fresh imposts went into his own coffers; but on this a salutary check was imposed, as he could not increase the taxation without the consent of a majority, at a general meeting of the notables, in which every freeholder had a voice; thus, as Volney remarks, the government of the Mountain might be considered as a mixture of a liberal aristocracy, a monarchy, and democracy;—but in all this there being nothing decidedly fixed, the condition of the people was greatly left in the hands of the Grand Prince,—who if deficient in abilities, decision, and energy, became a mere cypher, or if possessing these several qualifications, was, as in the case of the old Emir Beschir, nearly absolute, and often tyrannical.

The income of the Grand Prince consisted, besides a regulated tribute from the subordinate Emirs and Sheikhs,—of the *Besrie*, a heavy taxation onthe whole produce of silk in the Mountains,—and from this were chiefly derived his riches,—whilst the inferior Chiefs levied in their several

districts, the *Miri*, or tax fixed on the mulberry trees and vineyards,*—on cotton, and grain. In addition to these sources of revenue the old Emir Beschir arrogated to himself several monopolies,—amongst others that of the manufacture of soap.

Such was the state of affairs in the Mountain, during the Turkish rule—but great alterations, for the worse, took place under Mehemet Ali, when every thing relating to tribute and taxation, was strictly and definitively fixed by himself. The first thing he did was to establish the *ferde* or capitation tax, to be paid indiscriminately by *all* males, from the ages of twelve and fourteen; the Christians, in *addition* to this, continuing to pay the *Karatch*, or old poll-tax, from which the rest of the population had previously been exempt,—whilst the amount of Miri, or land-tax, and *Grallee*, or contribution in grain were increased, and strictly enforced, —he established an additional heavily op-

* Every mulberry tree was taxed abou 1½*d*, and on every hundred square feet of vineyard was levied about 5 shillings.

pressive measure,—by levying duties for the *weighing* of the silk yearly exported, and which operation was always to be performed at the Customs, and with government scales. But the most unpopular acts of the Egyptian rule, were, the disarming the Mountaineers, and the system of forced labour;* whilst, as has been already seen, an insurrection was the consequence of an attempt to establish the conscription.

According to the Ferde returns, the Druse and Maronite population of Mount Lebanon amounted, a short time ago, to 154,000 souls, though Lamartine states it to exceed 200,000,—of which about 35,000 of the latter are capable of bearing arms.

The principal *Sheriffe* or noble families of the Mountain, and styling themselves Emirs, are: the Shéhāb,—the Mourād,—the Kāïd Bey—and the Russlāne,—all these have, of late years, either from conviction, or interested motives, become converts to

* As in the case of working the coal mines at Kornail.

Christianity,*—those of the second rank, are the Druse Sheikhs, Djomblad (the leading Druse family), Abou Néked—Ahmed—Tulhouk—Abdel Mālek, and Aïd, and the Christian family of Sheikh Cassim, the rulers of the Keshrouan,—and that of the Hamedié, belonging to the Mutuali sect.

The above, with a few others, may be said to constitute the Aristocracy of the Mountain, of which the Grand Prince, one of the Shéhāb family, (who always intermarry amongst themselves),† is the head. In some cases, the power of life and death is in his

* Except the Emir Solyman Shéhāb of El Hāded, who still professes Islam, and ever refused to change his religion, though he has allowed his family to be brought up as Christians.

† Burckhardt says: "The Shéhāb family marry among themselves, or with two Druse families, the *Morad* and the *Kaszbeya*—these and the *Reslan* are the only Emir families or descendants of the Prophet among the Druses"

The above related to the year 1810—at which period the Shéhābs had not yet become converts to Christianity,—and Burckhardt says: "they still affected publicly to observe Mahomedan rites,—professed to fast during the Ramadhan, and were treated as Turks by the Pashas."

hands,—for instance, murder is punished by the latter penalty,—whilst for theft and minor offences, incarceration, or the bastinado is inflicted at discretion, whilst the loss of the right hand is the price of forgery when detected. In this Government may be traced the remains of many feudal observances, but whether or not, derived from the Crusaders will ever remain uncertain.

The whole country is, in fact, a military tenure, the Emirs and Sheikhs being, at the call of the Grand Prince, obliged to take the field with a stated number of followers, who hold their lands on this condition.

There are no regular troops maintained, but, somewhat similar to the Baronial system of old, the personal followers and attendants of each Emir or Sheikh, together with a few negro slaves, being mounted for the occasion, form the cavalry; whilst the peasantry of each district furnishes its quantum of armed men, who, carrying their musket, and a bag containing flour for two or three days subsistence, go under their respective chiefs, to the general rendezvous.

From their active habits, and frugal, enduring nature, by a system of guerilla warfare, to which their native hills is peculiarly adapted, these men are exceedingly troublesome to an invading force;—but, as may be imagined, nothing like regular warfare, with such troops, is to be undertaken, nor can they act with effect when removed from their rocky fastnesses; and the great difficulty is to keep any considerable body of them together;—as after having expended the first scanty supply of provisions, their maintenance devolves on the head of the expedition, whose Commissariat is generally none of the best,—and who is often exceedingly puzzled to provide for their increasing wants—this inconvenience was severely felt when, in 1840, they were co-operating with the Allies against the Egyptians.*

Such is the rough sketch of the state of Lebanon, an imperfect picture of the dissensions, misery, bloodshed, and other evils, with which this fine country has been so long

* Vide Commodore Napier's War in Syria, Vol. i. p. 234.

afflicted, and which will continue to destroy its resources and energy, as long as the European powers suffer this large Christian community to continue under the brutal oppression of the Turk, whose motto is: "divide and govern,"—and who for his own vile purposes is constantly throwing the brand of discord amongst these brave and hardy Mountaineers,—who, were they united amongst themselves, and under an enterprising leader,* could not only establish and maintain their own independence, but form the nucleus of a Christian power in the East; which might in time hurl bigotry and intolerance,—nay the very spirit of Islam itself,—from a throne based on destruction and fanaticism,—cemented by blood,—maintained by injustice and oppression;—but which is now undermined, by its own corruption—rotten to the core, and fast crum-

* Such is the influence Commodore Napier acquired with the Mountaineers, that the author feels convinced if he were to shew himself amongst them, in a week twenty thousand men would flock around him, and in a fortnight not a Turkish fez would be seen outside the garrison towns on the coast.

bling into the dust,—where may it and its supporters for ever remain!

Referring to the feasibleness of an independent power being established in the mountains of Lebanon, Lamartine thus expresses himself:*—

"When the Mountaineers are at peace among themselves, the Turks dare not to penetrate into Lebanon! the Pashas of Acre and Damascus never ventured there, except internal dissensions called them in to assist one party against the other; I know not if I be mistaken, but I think that a brilliant destiny is reserved for the Maronites; a nation still pure and primitive in its manners, its religion, and courage—possessing the additional virtues of the patriarchs—and together with its territorial possessions, a certain degree of liberty, a great deal of patriotism, and a strong disposition to imbibe the germs of Western civilization. Whilst every thing around perishes of old age and decrepitude, this people alone appears to become again young and to acquire

* Voyage en Orient, p. 147.

new strength.* As Syria becomes depopulated they will descend from their mountains —will found commercial towns on the sea-shore, will cultivate those fertile plains at present only tenanted by the gazelle or the jackal, and will establish a new dominion in these regions where an old and decayed government is on the eve of expiring. If, even in the present day, a man of talent sprung up amongst them, either from the ranks of their all-powerful clergy, or from one of the families of those Emirs or Sheikhs whom they revere, if he could enter into and plan a future state of things, and form an alliance with one of the powers of Europe, he might easily renew the wonders of Mehemet Ali, and lay the real foundation of a new Arabian Empire. The whole of Europe is interested that this should take place: she would thus have a ready made colony on these fertile shores; and Syria, in becoming peopled by a Christian and an industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean by commercial relations which are

* This, by-the-bye, appears to be rather over-drawn.

now in a torpid state—would open the road to India, would drive back into the desert the wandering and barbarous tribes, and would resuscitate the East: more exists here in the womb of futurity than even in Egypt. Egypt only possesses one man*—the Lebanon claims a whole nation."

Again, he says:—

"Alexander conquered Asia with thirty thousand Greek and Macedonian soldiers; Ibrahim upset the Turkish Empire with thirty or forty Egyptian children, whose only knowledge consisted in being able to load their muskets and to march. An European adventurer, with five or six thousand Europeans, might easily beat Ibrahim, and, steadily advancing, conquer Asia, from Smyrna to Bussorah, and from Cairo to Bagdad;—in doing this he should take the Maronites of Mount Lebanon as the pivot of his operations; as he advanced, organizing and causing the Christians of the East to become his means of acting, of governing, and of recruiting his forces;—even the

* Mehemet Ali.

Arabs of the Desert would declare for him the moment he paid them;—the latter own no other religion than gold, and their divinity is neither more nor less than money and the sword: by means of this vice they can be kept under a sufficient controul, for their subsequent submission to become unavoidable —they would themselves bow their neck to the yoke—after which their tents might be removed further into that wilderness which is their native home, or they might perhaps by degrees, learn a more civilized existence—of which at present they have no example before them."

These views, entertained by the French author, are of too important a nature not to claim the serious attention of England; by an "European power" he clearly means France, who would doubtless have no objection to this "ready made colony," "the foundation of a new empire, and one opening the road to India." This latter clause more particularly touches Britain,—and if not swayed by nobler motives, let her own interest act on this occasion as a stimulus to a

great undertaking—establish under her protection, and that of Austria and Prussia, an independent government in Lebanon, give them the whole line of coast from Tripoli to Sidon, including those sea-ports and Beyrout —unite under one head the various contending sects of that hitherto divided people, when they might without further assistance set at defiance both Turk and Egyptian, or any other power of Islam; and thus by the strong links of gratitude, we could bind them in friendship and secure a lasting alliance; establish on a firm basis our communication with the Euphrates; and form a nucleus from whence civilization and Christianity might be extended over the whole East, and again illumine those fine regions so long darkened by barbarism, intolerance, and oppression.

CHAP. V.

EXCURSIONS INTO THE LEBANON.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is *Berytus*, though not remote,
Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the homely cot;
But, peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

CHILDE HAROLD.

To illustrate what has been said about Lebanon, I will, by reference to some memorandums taken at the time, give an account of a few of the expeditions I made into the mountains, during my residence at Beyrout, in the autumn of 1840.

The following are the "heads" from my journal. "November 11th:—The Commodore rouses up before daylight in the

morning—have a cup of coffee—get into his gig;—Bradley, Elliott, and one or two others follow, and we pull ashore to the watering place.—Meet the horses there and a Jesuit priest of the name of Rhyllo—who had been of great use in the late insurrection—find him out to have been once a soldier.—Barren appearance of the mountain after passing the first belt of cultivation.—Hills heaped on one another; as the summit of one ridge is gained, others appear to arise in succession.—Deep ravines.—On our right, many hundred feet below, in a dark dell, clothed with pines, runs a mountain torrent.—Crossing now the province of El Kata.—Extraordinary endurance of our small Arab horses.—Reach, after a toilsome ascent, the village of Kornet Sherouān, the scene of the first encounter between the Commodore and the Egyptians, on the 24th September.*—Pay a visit to the old Bishop Abdallah

* The above is the proper name, according to the Arabic orthography, of the place, written كورنيت شيروان p. 2, ch. 5, but which has been converted into Ornacaguan, Kornetghiwan, &c.

Buleebel—the old man in his dotage—his complaints of the behaviour of the Turks.—Bradley's story about stealing his cocks and hens, whilst his house was the head-quarters of the Commodore.—Proceed to the position of the Egyptians on the 10th October, at Boharsef.—Strong military post.—Place pointed out by Bradley, where the Commodore snapped a musket at the Turkish soldier.—Rugged nature of the country to the first position among the large rocks, out of which he was obliged to stone the rascals—intervening ground much broken by stone walls and terraces, under which the assailants found cover—and planted with mulberries and vines.—Road to Bhekfayïa.—Enter a more cultivated and inhabited county.—The mountaineers and their wives and children crowd out, the latter on the terraced roofs of the houses, to see us.—Picturesque effect of the "horn" and long veil.—A mist.—The ruined village of Beit-el-Shébbáb, or "abode of the brave."—Beautiful situation of the convent of Jesuits.—Difference of temperature and productions from

the plains below.—Hospitality of the Brothers.—List of their names and nations: Padre Rhyllo the superior, a Pole; Contardo Vecchi, Piedmontese; Raymond Etlève and Benoit Planchet, Frenchmen; Obrompalaki, a Pole; Paulo Riccadonna, Savoyard; Youssuf Kāmāeel, a Syrian.—The Commodore and Bradley go on to Broumanah; to pay a visit to the Princesses of the Emir Beschir Cassim's family.—Elliott and myself stop at the convent.—Visit the cottages. —Good sort of people.—Their astonishment at the sketching.—The refectory and good supper.—Beautiful moonlight view from the terrace.—Turn in.

November 13*th.* Surveying the battle field of Boharsef—jackals and partridges—the horizontal "horn"—return on board in the evening.

From the above hasty memorandums, I will endeavour to give the reader an account of an

Excursion to the Convent of Bhekfayia in the district of Kata.

Everything having been settled the even-

ing before over a cigar and a glass of grog, it was arranged that, next morning, the horses should be sent round from Beyrout to meet us at the watering place—a small brook called Nāhār Antour Elias, flowing into the sea at the bottom of St. George's Bay, about a mile from our anchorage.

Before daylight I was aroused from my berth by the Commodore's stentorian "Come, turn out," and, ere I had time to open my eyes, the old gentleman had shaken himself into his loose garments, and was vociferously calling out for "grub."* Luckily for myself, his steward was not quite so expeditious in getting under weigh a cup of coffee, or I might have stood a chance of losing my passage, and being left behind—however, thanks to some delay in the Commissariat department, I was enabled to pull on my

* The Commodore always made a point of taking off his clothes previous to retiring to rest, even when on an out-post before the enemy,—but he had the knack of getting into "harness" very much quicker than any one I ever knew, and when any thing was to be done in the morning, in which one was engaged with him, the only chance was never to undress at all over night.

boots and button my jacket, when we soon found ourselves darting over the rippling water in that light caïque-like vehicle, the "Captain's gig."

Even in fine weather a heavy surf rolls in on this coast, and on the present occasion we were obliged to "back" through it stern foremost, previously dropping an anchor outside the breakers.

After being for any length of time confined to the floating prison-house of a ship, nothing can be more exhilarating than a gallop on *terra firma*, particularly when mounted on a fine horse, and on this occasion some of the Desert's choicest breed were fretfully champing the bit, and pawing up the moist sand in their impatience for a start, and appeared to be with difficulty restrained by the Egyptian "Saïces" or grooms, who attended on foot, and strongly reminded me of the same class of people in India.*

* Egypt is famed for its Saïces, who always follow their charge on foot, and whose performances would astonish many of our most famed pedestrians. The horses here alluded to were three beautiful greys, cap-

We were soon in the saddle and ascending the rugged path which led up the mountain's side; at first, the track, which resembled the dry course of a winter torrent, was overshadowed by tall waving reeds, not unlike the sugar cane—this wound throughout rich plantations of mulberry trees, in which were many solidly built stone cottages—with flat roofs, on the tops of which stood the women and children, the former adorned with the "Tontura" or horn, an ornament peculiar to Lebanon, and which, with its accompaniments of a flowing veil and white drapery is far from unbecoming.

As we continued to ascend, our path became more and more steep and rugged. We soon left behind us the belt of cultivation and entered a barren and rocky region, whilst in front nothing appeared but an irregular mass of gigantic hills, apparently piled one above another, in endless variety,

tured by the Commodore during the war:—one, a fine mare, was sent to England, the others were, as before stated, given to the author on the Commodore leaving the coast of Syria.

and a most chaotic confusion—deep chasms and ravines of thousands of yards in breadth, meandering through these ruins of a former world, and working their winding and devious course to the sea. We continued thus, an apparently interminable ascent, every succeeding eminence that was gained, and which we hoped was the last, only disclosing a fresh difficulty to be surmounted, in one of those huge waves composing this troubled and tempestuous ocean of mountain and valley.

The endurance displayed by our little Arab steeds, during this fatiguing expedition, was truly astonishing, and only equalled by that of the Saïces and some hardy Mountaineers, who, acting as guides, accompanied us on foot, and who, although the toil drops showered in profusion from their bronzed countenances, sprang lightly from rock to rock, and kept pace with us, up the precipitous and stony track, apparently fitted for nought save the chamois of the Alps, or active mountain goat—and which, at times, wending in devious zigzags up the rugged face of the mountain, at others, led along

the dizzy edge of a fearful chasm, and occasionally, by a sudden turn, would disclose fresh beauties of this ever-varying scene, as it brought in view either the white terraced roofs of a distant village, perched on an opposite height, or the more imposing spectacle of a Maronite convent, towering over the foaming torrent which, peradventure, raged darkly at the foot of the eminence on which it was placed.

An hour and an half of incessant toil at last brought us to the village of Kornet Sherouān, the scene of the first defeat of the Egyptians. We were here glad to dismount for a few minutes to give breathing time to our nags, and get a glass of mountain wine from the old Bishop Abdallah Buleebel, who resided at this place, and whose house was the head quarters of the Commodore on the night of the 9th October. We found the old man to be in the extreme decrepitude of age, and he appeared not to entertain any very grateful recollection of the services rendered on that occasion, as he scarcely asked us to share the scanty portion of old

carpet on which he was seated, inhaling the fumes of Latakia tobacco through a long tube, made of the green stem of a rose tree.*

Lieutenant Bradley,—the Commodore's young aide-de-camp,—accounted for the coldness of the old Bishop's reception, from the circumstance of his having, on the evening in question, robbed the hen roost of the venerable divine, who had protested in the most strenuous manner, that there was not a thing in the whole village for the supper of the "Generalissimo" and his staff, as he assured them every article had been carried off by those "robbers of Egyptians." Unfortunately for the old man's veracity, a cackling sound at this moment proclaimed something on foot, and as a due attention to the Commissariat is one of the most important duties of an "aide,"—my friend Bradley soon found out the place from whence proceeded those inviting sounds, the originators

* The cherry, the maple and jasmine, are the common materials of which the "chibouque" stick is composed; — in the mountains, a rosewood tube is a favourite and fashionable substitute for the above.

of which were, ere long, provided with other, and far snugger quarters.

We soon took leave of our surly old host, and remounting our steeds proceeded to take a view of the scene of action of the 10th of October, on our way to the Convent of Bhekfayïa, here we proposed to sleep.

From below, the village of Kornet Sherouān appears to constitute the very summit of the crest on which it stands, but, on surmounting this latter, it is found to be merely the commencement of a long narrow neck of land, serving as a communication with successive ranges of much loftier hills beyond.

This ridge, called the heights of Ardāhley, partly covered with straggling pine trees, is bounded on the north by a precipitous valley, named the "Wād-é Slēfe," whilst its southern base is skirted by a deep ravine, called the "Wād-é-Shāwee," or valley of drought.

The road from Kornet Sherouān leads, for upwards of two miles, along the summit of this "hog's back," and then, after a slight descent, surmounts by a rugged zig-

zag path the steep ascent, broken into a succession of terraces, known by the name of Calet-Meidan,—where,—under cover of numerous ledges of large upright rocks, thickly strewn on the crest of the hill,—was the first position of the Egyptians;—about 600 yards to the southward, along the same line of heights, but separated in the first instance by a level plateau, of probably 100 yards in extent, and the remainder of the ground broken into high stone walled terraces, and of a most precipitous nature, was the second position of the enemy,—whilst Ibrahim in person, with his principal force, occupied the commanding eminences of Boharsef—about a thousand paces further to the rear. The latter, though separated from the second position by ground of a very steep, impracticable nature, presented a sufficiently level surface—and though here and there dotted with pine trees, was tolerably well adapted to cavalry movements.

For the particulars of the battle of Boharsef, the reader is referred to Sir Charles

Napier's War in Syria,* and Mr. Hunter's Expedition to Syria.† The manner in which that action was won, is allowed by all who were acquainted with the circumstances attending it, to do credit, not only to the Commodore's gallantry and decision of conduct, but also proved him, by his masterly and well combined measures, to possess that foresight and accuracy of calculation, so requisite in a General, together with those ready resources and presence of mind which enabled him instantly to provide a remedy and substitute another plan of operations, when unexpected events had prevented those already fixed on from being carried into effect.

Nothing could more fully prove this than the Commodore's conduct on the 10th of October. Before an advance had been resolved on from the entrenched camp at Djouni, every precaution to ensure success had been taken; measures had been concerted with the Emir Beschir, who was ex-

* Vol. 1. page 134. † Vol. 1. ch. 5.

pected to advance on the rear of the Egyptians by the evening of the 9th;—two Turkish battalions, under Omar Bey, were, by keeping along the banks of the Dog River, and crossing the ravine much higher up, to make a diversion on the enemy's rear and join the Prince, whilst the Commodore attacked Ibrahim in front. However, human foresight has no control over events—and on the 9th, instead of the approach of the Emir Beschir, an attack of the enemy was announced on the Turkish outposts stationed at the heights of Ardāhley;—and although this was easily repulsed,—still the Commodore's situation was anything but comfortable. Souliman Pasha might at any hour advance on his right from Beyrout, he had a powerful enemy in front, led by a man enjoying all the moral influence arising from the circumstance of never yet having been defeated—he was ignorant of the position of his ally the Emir Beschir, and of the progress made by the detachment with Omar Bey. Under these circumstances to vacillate was to be lost—and although he had

nought to depend upon save a handful of Turks, demoralized by former defeats, badly officered, and worse disciplined—and he was moreover annoyed (and many under similar circumstances would have been perplexed) by receiving repeated instructions for an instant retreat. He nevertheless resolved to hazard every thing on the cast of a die—and on the 10th, after in vain waiting for the Emir Beschir,—leaving a thousand men at Kornet Sherouân to act as a reserve, and to watch any movement which might be undertaken by Souliman Pasha,—with the remainder of his force, consisting of four Turkish battalions, (about 2000 strong), and a body of Mountaineers,—he advanced along the ridge of Ardâhley to the attack of the first Egyptian position amongst the rocks of Kalet Meïdan.

The Mountaineers were detached, and directed to turn the right of the Egyptian position, whilst three Turkish battalions, formed into columns, were to advance in succession to the attack, covered by the fourth corps, which was extended as light

infantry along the face of the mountain. The first column, in a short time, not liking the galling fire which was kept up from behind the rocks by the enemy, broke, and extended itself "en tirailleur," taking shelter under the stone walls which supported the terraces, and which, although affording capital cover for this species of warfare, tended rather to retard than forward the main object of the attack. The second and third battalions were in succession ordered to storm the position, but all with the same result; and the whole side of the hill now presented a mass of stragglers, peppering away from behind their terraced breast-works, but not attempting either to crown the summit, or make the Egyptians feel the point of their bayonets.

The two battalions which had been left at Kornet Sherouān were now ordered to the front, but the officer dispatched for this reinforcement came back without them, owing to the unwillingness of Izzet Pasha then to allow an advance. This untimely delay,—to any chief not possessed of extra-

ordinary decision and presence of mind,—might have occasioned the loss of the day; but the Commodore, who had his wits about him, was not to be taken "aback:" and at a glance, saw that nothing but a stroke of the boldest nature could save him from utter defeat; therefore, dropping the Commander-in-chief, he and his staff took upon themselves the active duties of a forlorn hope: he threw himself amongst the wavering Turks, whom he not only, as he expresses it, "stirred up with his stick;" but, observing one follower of the Prophet, very reluctant to follow *him*, he seized a musket, and would have blown out the miscreant's brains, and taken on himself the office of Provost Marshal, had not the piece, fortunately, missed fire, when it was taken out of his hands by Colonel Hodges; he nevertheless succeeded in getting his troops on to the first position, which was immediately abandoned by the Egyptians, by whom a galling fire was kept up from the second rocky height,—if any thing,—of a more inaccessible nature than the first one.

At the latter point, the Turks, thinking, no doubt, that they had earned for themselves good shelter behind the tall upright rocks thickly scattered around, shewed no disposition for another sally; but they were soon driven out of their snug quarters by an enemy they little expected,—for the Commodore,—finding commands and entreaties of no avail, had recourse to what he terms a little "manual persuasion." There was abundance of ammunition thickly strewed around, in the shape of large stones and fragments of rock, and with these the Generalissimo *pelted* his brave soldiers so unmercifully in their rear, that he succeeded in dislodging them from their present snug berth; and placing himself again at their head, made a rush across the level plateau, intervening between the first and second position, when, "the example of Selim Pasha, General Jochmus, Lieutenants Bradley and Duncan, Mr. Pearn, Captain Laué, and the other Turkish officers, who all behaved well, encouraged them to storm the second position, which was carried in less than half an

hour. It now became a complete rout; the enemy dispersed in all directions, leaving their baggage, ammunition, and provisions behind. Night put an end to the pursuit. Ibrahim, who commanded, escaped with a few men, leaving between 600 and 700 prisoners behind."*

The Commodore had now gained a victory, not only important in itself, but still more so in its results, though he had achieved this in direct disobedience to the orders of his superior officer; and as, for such a measure, he has already been severely blamed, and very roughly handled from many quarters, we will e'en examine with how much reason he is so hardly beset. However, the adage, that "rebellion is never successful," became verified in this instance: had he been *defeated*, no sentence which a Court-martial could have pronounced, would have been considered too severe; but he was, fortunately for himself, *successful*, and he immediately received a congratulatory letter from the same quarter that had, the day before,

* War in Syria, vol. i. page 141. See Appendix.

ordered him peremptorily to retire,—most heartily assuring him of being "fully sensible of the benefit which the whole expedition had received from his indefatigable services;"—and with the additional assurance, "that on rejoining the Powerful, his conscience might be perfectly satisfied with having accomplished all that could be done."

The Commodore says:*—"It is necessary in war, and I think quite justifiable, to take responsibility on oneself in unforeseen cases, running, of course, the risk of answering for the consequences: it is more dangerous, however, to disobey orders; but there are instances in which events may justify such disobedience; the reader will judge whether what I have related may be considered one of them."

Then follow the Commodore's reasons, which appear to me so good that I shall give them in his own words:

"I saw clearly that the Admiral was not at all aware of the critical position in which

* War in Syria, Vol. i. p. 152.

I was placed. When I left D'jounie it was with the intention of joining the Grand Prince, and attacking Souliman Pasha, who was encamped before Beyrout, leaving four battalions in our position, to secure it against an unforseen attack. On my arrival on the heights of Ornagacuan,* I was as much surprised to find myself in front of Ibrahim, as I suppose he was to find himself opposed to me; he was evidently collecting troops to attack D'jounie, which he ought to have done long before, and we were collecting ours to attack Souliman. Finding ourselves unexpectedly opposed to each other, it was distinctly my game to attack him before his force was assembled. Had I obeyed the orders that were sent me to return to D'jounie, I should have had a most difficult and dangerous retreat, and been harassed by an enemy to whom we should have restored confidence. It would have been impossible to have sent timely notice to Omar Bey, or the Prince, both of whom would have been sacrificed; the Turks would have lost confidence, and

* Meaning "Kornet Sherouān."

as the season was fast advancing, I have no doubt the whole would have been re-embarked, and the expedition entirely failed. What, on the contrary, happened? The ships going to Beyrout, and my advance, caused the abandonment of the town, the victory, the dispersion of Ibrahim Pasha's army, and, as will be shortly seen, the disorganization of the Egyptian troops, and the retreat of Souliman."

Let us now examine the consequences of the defeat of Ibrahim Pasha at Boharsef, which proved, in the sequel, to be attended with more important results than was at that time anticipated. The first was the evacuation of the whole range of Lebanon, and the undisputed possession by the Allies of every place on the coast, together with the submission of the Emir Beschir, of all his followers, and those Mountaineers who, till then, if not hostile, had remained in a vacillating state; to which may be added the numerous desertions which immediately took place from the enemy's force, by which it was greatly disorganized. Moreover the

"*Morale*" of the Egyptian soldiery became depressed in the same ratio as that of their antagonists the Turks was raised. Ibrahim no longer boasted of that spell which hitherto had attached to his name—he could no longer say to his troops: "I have never been defeated." And all this had been effected by men whom the latter had, till then, held in the greatest contempt—by Turks alone, who, for the last ten years, had never attempted to face their enemy without experiencing a signal and disastrous defeat.

On the other hand, supposing the Commodore had obeyed the instructions he received on the 10th of October to retire, instead of engaging the enemy, what would have been the probable effects of such a step?

It is quite clear that, in the first place, the forces of Omar Bey, and of the Emir Beschir Cassim, would have been unavoidably sacrificed, and cut off in detail. Ibrahim, after effecting a junction with Souliman Pasha, would, most likely, have re-occupied Beyrout,—when, if he had not immediately attacked the camp at D'jouni, he could

quietly have concentrated his forces until the gale of wind—which, on the 2nd of December, drove every vessel off the coast—would have left the game entirely in his own hands.—Had the troops at D'jouni not been previously embarked,—deprived, as they would have been, of supplies, and surrounded by a superior force—famine, and the inclemency of the season, alone would have forced them to surrender;—Sidon, badly garrisoned, and whose defences were still unrepaired,—would have been retaken—and in the spring, French interference would, with every probability, have led to an European war, with all its attendant horrors!—Weighed and attentively investigated,—this hypothesis will not be found so very chimerical,—and when it is considered that these more than possible, nay, very probable evils have been avoided by a more decided line of conduct,—although such conduct be, on *ordinary occasions*, against the established rules of the service,—any professional person, either naval or military, who can blame *such* a deviation from the beaten track, must be allowed

to be too completely shackled by the bugbear of responsibility, ever to deserve a higher command, or more important trust than, at most, a lieutenant's watch—or a captain's guard!

* * * * *

"Here," said young Bradley, as we descended into a hollow ere entering the rocky path, which crept in devious zig-zags up the steep and broken face of the heights of Kalet Meïdan—"Here is the very spot where the old Commodore was nearly sending to the seventh heaven one of the 'faithful,' who would not shew his ugly red cap above yonder wall, under which he was snugly crouched. Old Charley finding a volley of oaths and stones of no use, took up a musket, and resting it on this corner stone, would have given Jack Turk his quietus, had it not flashed in the pan, when Col. Hodges galloped up, and took it out of his hands. But whilst these steady going old fellows are crawling up yon pathway, let us 'cross country,' and see if our Arabs can-

not manage to top some of these terraces and stone walls."

No sooner said than done—with the assistance of sharp spurs, an Arab horse soon completes his education in the art of leaping; and, notwithstanding the expletives showered after us by the Commodore, who was sadly afraid of the legs of his favourite steeds, we were soon out of both his reach and hearing, and had had time to examine minutely the first position, and even to pick up a few of the musket balls, which had fallen flattened against the rocks—ere the rest of the party joined us by the regular beaten track,—which, however, did not exactly resemble a macadamised turnpike road in old England.

Leaving the second and third position of the Egyptians to our right, the rocky track now ran along the abrupt edge of a deep valley or ravine—traversing a part of the mountain, which appeared to be in a high state of cultivation, and became here thickly dotted with the solidly constructed, square,

terraced-roofed houses of the peasantry, who flocked out in numbers to behold the "Commodore-é-Kibir,"* and his suite. Autumn, in these upper regions, asserting her early influence, had already tinted with gay and varied hues the foliage of the noble walnut trees, which waved their branches overhead, and the tendrils of the vine clinging for support around their gigantic trunks;—a fog also, which had gradually ascended from the valley below, began to cast a dreamy indistinctness o'er the scene, which added not a little to its beauty and effect;—and as the vaguely defined outlines of the groups of women, standing on the roofs of the houses, with their white flowing drapery, wildly streaming to the mountain breeze, over the projecting "horn," became magnified, and assumed an appearance of almost supernatural size, their snow-white figures, in that elevated situation, at times brought out in strong relief against the dark sides of

* "The Great Commodore,"—by which appellation he was generally known in the Mountains.

the mountain, at others dimly confounded with, or appearing to float in, the dense atmosphere around, might, by a spectator tinged with the slightest degree of poetry or romance, have been set down as airy spirits of the Mist and the Mountain, the legitimate inhabitants of this grand and magnificent region of hill and valley, of floating clouds and dashing torrents.

But other and sadder sights were—in what ought to have been the abode of liberty and independence, amidst these rocky and almost inaccessible heights—now destined to meet our gaze, and to prove that war, tyranny, and devastation had been able to mar, with their pestilential breath, the happiness of these poor mountain cottagers. A few hundred yards across the ravine on our left, lay a tract of land, whose rapid descent was broken by a succession of terraces, some short time past, no doubt, verdant with the fig, the grape, and mulberry, but now charred, blackened and barren, whilst amidst the trunks of felled and uprooted trees, large masses of dark coloured

objects, proved to be the still smouldering ruins of former abodes of happiness and comfort, the sad remains of the village of Beit-el-Shébbāb, (literally meaning the "Abode of the Brave,") plundered and destroyed but a short time before by the 'Arnauts,* attached to Ibrahim Pasha's force. The peasants pointed out these sad reliques with the strongest expressions of execration and hatred against their authors, and were unbounded in thanks to the Commodore, who, —they said,—had now delivered them from their bloody and insatiable tyrants. Alas! little did the poor people then foresee, that our kindness towards them went only to the extent of replacing them under the dominion of rulers, who have since proved themselves to be neither less arbitrary, unjust, or rapa-

* The Arnauts or Albanians may be considered as the Swiss of the East, these mercenary troops being found in every region where there is a chance of plunder, from the banks of the Danube to the borders of Nubia.

They are fine looking brave fellows, but most notorious cut-throats and plunderers, and seldom or never arrested in the career of rapine and murder, by the slightest feelings of mercy or compunction.

cious than their former masters, the Egyptians!

* * * *

Rather less than an hour's march brought us, from the heights of Kalet Meïdan, to the gates of the convent of Bhekfayïa, and we were welcomed to the abode of the Jesuits by their Superior, the Padre Rhyllo, who had accompanied us thither, and now severally introduced us to the brothers, who, after taking us over the establishment, set before us an abundant repast, where presided the Superior, and which was moreover diluted with some of the best wine I ever tasted, brought out for the occasion from the Convent cellars,—and proving to be the true, genuine vintage of the Mountain.

Whether in the more civilized climes of Spain and Italy, or in the wilds of Syria, I have always remarked one great characteristic of the genus "Friar," to be a most particular regard for the good things of this world, and amidst all the ridiculous austerities to which they occasionally appear to subject themselves, due attention is always paid to

the larder and cellar,—the Divinity of the stomach being ever worshipped with the most sincere fervour and devotion.

But 'tis time I should say a few words of our host, of whom previous mention ought to have been made. Padre Rhyllo was by nation a Pole,—but spoke French, Italian, Spanish, and Arabic, with equal fluency;—in the prime of life, about thirty-five years of age, with a handsome countenance, and tall commanding figure;—from the first moment I saw him rein in his horse on the beach, methought how much better than the monkish garb, a soldier's dress would have befitted such a man,—but when riding by his side, on approaching the battle ground of Boharsef, he detailed the proceedings of the day, not merely with the gusto of an amateur, but in the technical language of a professional man, as he described what ought, and what ought not to have been done—lauding one movement, and condemning the other, the thought suddenly flashed across me,

that the Padre appeared not *then* what he once had been—that the sombre cowl *now* replaced what was erst a glittering war casque,—and that the hand which was at that moment outstretched in such an attitude of command, had of yore been more familiar to the grasp of a good sword than to finger the polished beads of a Friar's rosary.

In the enthusiasm of the moment, the character of the *Monk* had been completely thrown off, and he so plainly discovered the still lurking propensities of the *Soldier*, that I forthwith taxed him with being a comrade by profession:—he candidly allowed it to be true, and I afterwards discovered the present Superior of the Jesuits of Mount Lebanon, to have been an officer of rank in the Polish army, and one of those restless spirits, who, after the prostration of their fondest hopes of liberty and independence, had, through another channel, given vent to an ardent spirit of enterprize and activity, by enlisting under the religious banners of an order not slow in appreciating talents

such as he possessed, and which had probably been the cause of his present mission to the East.

The bright visions of liberty and independence,—though they might have been for a time hidden under the shade of the monkish cowl,—were, on a prospect of being again brought into play,—soon aroused from a dormant state;—and when the insurrection of Lebanon, backed by the landing of the Allies at Djouni, promised a successful issue, Rhyllo was most active in the good cause, and by the accuracy of his information, and his influence with the Mountaineers, proved himself of the utmost service. Superior to the narrow views of the generality of monastic orders, as a Jesuit, he heartily co-operated with the "heretics," and lent his utmost aid to expel the Egyptians from these their usurped possessions.*

* Rhyllo was subsequently removed from the direction of the convent at Bhekfayia, through French interference at the court of Rome, where he was represented as being too favourable to the "heretical" English; he went to Malta, but was shortly afterwards obliged to leave that island, in consequence, it is said, of interference with the Government of the place.

After partaking of a hearty meal, we repaired to the convent terrace overlooking the valley, to smoke our pipes and enjoy the magnificent prospect stretched out before us, which was only limited towards the west, by the waters of the Mediterranean, here bounding the horizon. The autumnal mist had dispersed, and left behind the clearest sunshine and brightest atmosphere, and with this beautiful panorama now spread at our feet, whilst enjoying to the utmost our "Keffe,"* I could not help mentally repeating with Childe Harold:—

"Here in the sultriest season let him rest;
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast;
From Heaven itself he may inhale the breeze.
The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not impregnate with disease:
There let his length the loitering Pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away."

And here did we loitering lie, enjoying

* The term "Keffe" is, I believe, exclusively Syrian: to "Amul el Keffe" or "make Keffe," means to be enjoying perfect equanimity and ease, whilst smoking the pipe in a state of the most delightful "dolce far niente."

one of the fairest scenes in the creation, until the lengthening shadows thrown by the dark locust trees, under whose branches we were reposing—warned us of the lateness of the hour, and was the signal for our reluctant departure.

The Commodore, who was going on that evening to Brumāneh, mounted his horse, whilst Lieutenant Elliott and myself, who intended to sleep at Bhekfayïa, taking our pencils and sketch-books, strolled through the neighbourhood, and visited some of the surrounding villages, or rather straggling hamlets, with which this part of the Mountain is thickly dotted.*

Nothing could exceed the kindness of our reception by these hospitable Mountaineers, whose cottages were all thrown open to the strangers; and, had we been able to spare more time, many a picturesque group would have rewarded our artistical labours—under present circumstances, however, we were

* The small villages of Bāhār, Sāf, Suket-el-Misk, and Mohaitha, are scattered over the side of the Mountain, where stands the convent of Bhekfayïa.

obliged to content ourselves with a few hasty sketches, in which the "Tontura" or Horn bore a prominent part. This extraordinary appendage,—appropriated exclusively to the married women,—no virgin being entitled to the high privilege of "exalting her horn,"—is supposed to have connection with several of the more mysterious rites of ancient mythology,—and, common as it is, to both the Druses and Maronites—forms another argument in favour of the relations supposed to exist between the former people and the Egyptians of old.*

The "Sittes" or female nobility of the Mountain, have their horns made of the most costly materials, either silver gilt, or of pure gold, thickly inlaid with precious stones, and these often constitute the dowry of a bride—the wives of the peasantry are however content with more homely materials, and though some few are enabled to sport

* Vide Herodotus, Euterpe, Sec. 51.—There is a slight difference of shape between the Tonturas of the Druse and of the Maronite women; that of the latter runs to a greater height, and is more pointed than the "horn" worn by the former ladies.

a silver appendage to their "coiffure," the generality content themselves with a hollow metal conical tube, about eighteen inches long, which by means of a pad is fastened on the fore part of the head, from whence it projects, and with the white veil, thrown over it, and which falls gracefully over the shoulders, is far from being an unbecoming ornament,—particularly when, as is often here the case,—it overshadows a pleasing, though ruddily bronzed and weather-beaten countenance.

The Tontura generally projects over the forehead at an angle of about forty-five degrees—but another fashion also prevails, though to a lesser extent, viz: that of wearing an horizontal horn, of much shorter dimensions, and a different shape, which is generally fixed on the right side of the head, over the ear, but producing not near so picturesque an effect as the former.

The Tontura, which is the symbol of the married state, is never removed when that ceremony has once taken place, and is ever after the matron's inseparable companion,

under the broad canopy of heaven, the domestic roof, or on the carpet of repose;—during the toils of the day, or the balmy hours of rest;—it is constantly at its post, and this emblematic recorder of the conjugal duties, if not always *in*, is at least, always *on*, the wife's head. What a pity it is that this laudable custom of exclusivcly appropriating to themselves so valuable a "souvenir," should not exist among the ladies of the West, where the graceless task occasionally devolves on the luckless wight of a husband!

If not abundance, at least health and industry appeared to be the chief characteristics of this hardy race. The men employed in the culture of their terraces, or engaged in bringing in the mulberry-leaves for the use of their silkworms, were a robust and fine-looking set of fellows, and their wives and daughters, availing themselves of the privileges of Christianity, were not ashamed to shew countenances invariably beaming with smiles, and often possessing no inconsiderable share of beauty. Many

presented the peculiar characteristic of a deep blue eye, shaded by locks of the most raven hue; and whilst the ruddy tinge of health mantled their bronzed countenances, their fine, though often rather portly figures, and upright carriage, marked them as the mothers and sisters of a race of warriors, capable, if properly led, of battling to the last, in the cause of their liberty, rights, and independence!

In every cottage on whose threshold we set foot, the welcome "Fāddāl" was pronounced, the rude but hospitable pipe heartily tendered, the children crowded round us, the labours of the loom* were stopped, and whilst every article of our dress and appointments appeared to excite wonder and astonishment, particularly on the part of the women, the expressions of admiration from

* In most of the houses in this part of the Mountain, a loom is constantly at work, in which the produce of the silkworm is manufactured. This is used in a curious manner; the person keeping it in motion being seated in a hole dug deep into the mud-covered floor of the cottage.

the latter, were unbounded on seeing their charms faithfully recorded by our ready pencils, and the satisfaction they felt, was vehemently expressed by endless "Māshāllāhs!" ("wonderful!" "astonishing!")

It was long after dark ere, returning to the convent, we found the friars assembled at their evening meal, which we were not sorry to partake of; and, the more we were in their company, the more we were enabled to see of what a shrewd, intelligent class of men, this community was composed: men, who, from their intimate knowledge of the language, and a constant intercourse with the natives, are probably better acquainted with the manners and customs, and general state of the country than any other Europeans.

The fraternity consisted, I think, of twelve friars, three or four of whom were in turn sent on distant missions, extending even as far as Bagdad; and some of the adventures which they related as having occurred during these remote and dangerous

expeditions, were entertaining in the extreme; and in listening to them, we sat up till a late hour of the night, when we were conducted by Padre Rhyllo to our humble pallets.

Next morning we were early roused by the matin-bells, and shortly after sallied out to perform our promise to the Commodore, viz. that of taking a plan and sketch of the battle-field of Boharsef; nor was this, from the broken and rugged features of the ground, an easy undertaking; however, by dint of perseverance, the assistance of a good Sir Howard Douglas's instrument, and a pocket compass, I succeeded in laying down the points with tolerable accuracy, whilst my friend Elliott made a landscape-drawing of the same locality. The nature of our occupations did not allow us to pay attention to much besides; however, the circumstance of flushing a fine covey of partridges, and a view halloo of a couple of jackalls, were convincing proofs that neither game nor vermin were unknown in these

mountain regions, from whence we descended the same evening, and found, on our return on board the Powerful, that the Commodore and his party had already arrived before us.

CHAP. VI.

VISIT TO THE EMIR BESCHIR.

"Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh,
Rising in lofty ranks and loftier still,
Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
The Convent's white walls glisten fair on high:
Here dwells the Caloyer, nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by
Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind nature's sheen to see."

CHILDE HAROLD.

November 13th. The Commodore and myself landed in the afternoon, and, accompanied by his Dragoman Misk, went to pay a visit to a relative of the Grand Prince, the Emir Abbets, whose residence was in the Wād-é-Sharour, about ten miles to the southward of Beyrout, and to whom a sad accident had happened a short time before. As the Commodore was present at the time this occurred, I subjoin the following account

of this melancholy event, in his own words:* —"After breakfast we took leave of our friends and proceeded to Beyrout, but a sad accident clouded our otherwise pleasant journey. The Mountaineers are good horsemen, and fond of showing off whenever a little flat ground allows them to exhibit their dexterity in firing off their muskets and pistols, and throwing the d'jerred at full gallop, reloading in an incredible short time. The young Prince and several of his attendants, seeing an opportunity for a display, set off at full gallop; one of his men, close behind him, amused himself by throwing his musket in the air, to shew his dexterity in catching it; it unexpectedly went off, and shot out both the Prince's eyes. The poor lad fell instantly from his horse, and when we came up, he was, indeed, in a

* This was another example of the bad results often attending the discharge of fire-arms, as a sign of rejoicing, which is so common in the East. A short time before, Izzet Pasha, the Seraskier, had been severely wounded in the leg by the discharge of his own pistol; and in the account given of this by Sir Charles Napier, in his "War in Syria," he pithily adds, "and it was a great pity the ball had not gone through his head."

most pitiable condition: his eyes hanging out of their sockets, and streaming with blood; he himself, unconscious of what had happened, was pulling them out with his fingers, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade him to desist, and allow them to be bandaged. What an awful visitation was this! a few minutes before, this youth was full of life and spirits, the heir to the ruling Prince,—in one moment plunged into eternal darkness; it was a cruel sight. His poor attendant, who had accidentally done the deed, hung over him more dead than alive; the poor fellow seemed to suffer more than the Prince himself, who was nearly unconscious. We were three leagues from the first village, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting him there, carried in one of our cloaks. I rode on to Beyrout, and despatched an English surgeon to his assistance. His sight, as I expected, proved to be gone for ever; but youth, and the strength of his constitution, in a few months healed his wounds, and otherwise restored him to perfect health."

After passing the extensive mulberry plantation and gardens, which form a belt round the town of Beyrout, we traversed the pine forest originally planted by Fākr-el-Din, to prevent, it is said, the encroachment of the drifting sands on this quarter, and which has of late, been greatly increased by fresh plantations of young trees, by order of Ibrahim Pasha, who, besides being a great agriculturist, felt particularly partial to this spot, which was generally allotted for his encamping ground, whenever he happened to be at Beyrout with his army.

These, and many other details of the site and scenery we rapidly cantered past, were given by Misk the Dragoman, of whom we will say a few words, "en passant."

Misk had picked up a very good knowledge of the English language, from some of the American Missionaries at Beyrout, and on the arrival of the fleet off the coast of Syria, offered his services as Dragoman or interpreter, and was forthwith installed, in that capacity, on board the Powerful, where his education was completed, and his English

vocabulary greatly increased under the tuition of the officers of the wardroom.

Being an active, enterprising fellow, and moreover hating the Egyptians most cordially, he was always well to the front in whatever was going on, and distinguished himself at the capture of Sidon, where he killed an Egyptian Colonel, whose sword he ever after wore as a trophy,—though it was whispered that the poor fellow to whom it belonged had been cruelly put to death by Mr. Misk, after he had delivered up the weapon, and thrown himself on his mercy; —be that as it may—it is certain that the victor felt no qualms of conscience on the subject, or if he did, he managed most effectually to conceal their effects, for never was there a more jovial, rattling little fellow than the aforesaid Mr. Misk.

A tolerable road through the plain, skirting the foot of the hills, enabled us to canter merrily along until our progress was arrested by the wide stony tract left in the bed of what, at a more advanced season, is no doubt a raging torrent, but which then

scarcely moistened above the fetlock joint the sinewy limbs of our gallant little Arabs. This torrent, river, or brook,—according to the season,—is called the Nāhār-é-Dāmour—the Tamyras of the ancients, and is moreover noted as having caused the death of the nephew of the celebrated English traveller Dr. Spon, who, in 1693, was drowned in attempting to cross its then swollen and angry waters.

Leaving on our left the village of El Hāded, and keeping along the bed of the torrent, we shortly entered the valley or "Wād" of Sharour, and soon reached the residence of the unfortunate young Emir, which was situated on the declivity of the opposite hill.

On the Commodore being announced, we were ushered into the apartment of the Prince, whom we found extended on carpets and cushions, with a bandage closely tied over his eyes. The poor fellow felt for the hand of the Commodore, which he fervently grasped, calling him his Father,—the Saviour of the Mountain, and only regretting

that his wound prevented him from having the happiness of beholding one to whom they were all so much indebted,—but that "Inshallah!"—"by the help of God!"—as soon as he recovered his sight, it should be blessed by the earliest view of his protector!—The unfortunate Emir had been kept in ignorance that his eyes were irretrievably destroyed, and his pitiful situation and affectionate appeal almost drew tears from the gruff old sailor, who began most assiduously to blow his nose, whilst he endeavoured, by every means in his power, to console the young man under his severe infliction.

And indeed it was painful to behold so fine a youth, in the very prime of manhood, he being about twenty-five years of age,—the nephew of the Grand Prince, the next heir to his possessions, and the pride of the Mountain chivalry, thus miserably doomed to pass the weary length of his life in utter darkness and desolation!

The servant who had been the unwilling perpetrator of the deed which deprived his master of sight, terrified at what he had

done, absconded immediately, and had not yet been heard of. The Commodore interceded in his behalf, to which the young Prince replied, that not only would he comply with so reasonable a request as that of forgiving him, but that the least wish of the Commodore would ever be to him the most imperative of laws.

The Prince, though still suffering from the effects of his wound, stated the general condition of his health to be good, and looked anxiously forward to the recovery of his sight, in which delusive hope he was suffered, for the present to remain.

No visit takes place in the Mountain without the accompaniment of the pipe and coffee, and after the addition of some fine cool sherbet, we took our leave, and, at a late hour of the night, got back to Beyrout, and went on board the Powerful.*

* * * *

* The author subsequently saw a great deal of the poor blind Emir, and took many a ride from Beyrout to the Wād-é-Sharour, and even long after used to receive letters from him, written at his dictation.

On the 15th of November, the Commodore quitted Beyrout, in the Powerful, for Alexandria, leaving me, amongst other letters of introduction, one for the new Grand Prince, the Emir Beschir Cassim; who, with a considerable force of Mountaineers, then occupied Ḫamānah, a village about twenty miles from the coast, near the head of the valley, through which flows the Nāhār-é-Beyrout, and from whence he was watching the movements of the Egyptian army, then concentrated at Zachlé, on the other side of the Lebanon.

A few days after the departure of the Powerful, Mr. Hunter, mine host Giorgio, and myself, mounting our horses one morning at daylight, started with the intention of paying a visit to his Highness the Emir;—our course, lying in a south-easterly direction, soon brought us to the foot of the mountain, on scaling the steep side of which we overlooked the Wād-é-Sharour, and the abode of Emir Abbets.

After ascending for about an hour, we were surprised to come suddenly on a camp

of a couple of hundred Arnauts—deserters from Ibrahim Pasha's army, and placed here in order to get them out of the immediate vicinity of Beyrout, and act as a sort of outpost, to guard against any possible chance of surprise on the part of the enemy. Although they have the name, and, it is said, deservingly so, of being the greatest ruffians of all the "canaille," composing an Eastern army;* still they are fine soldier-like looking fellows, whose tall commanding figures are greatly set off by a most graceful and appropriate dress;—the richly embroidered jacket,—the girdle thickly studded with costly weapons,—the kilt-like fustanelli,—

* The following sketch of the Arnauts or Albanian soldiers, is from a French author, an ocular witness of all he describes:—

"Devastation, pillage, rapine, and murder, always mark the track of Albanian troops, who are as much to be feared by their allies as by the enemy. A few hundred Albanians, let loose against a revolted village, never leave it until stupified with blood and excess of every description. If not allowed to carry away the inhabitants as slaves, they often do not leave a single living being in the village, where nothing remains to record this visitation save blood, corpses, and smoking ruins."

and the highly worked gaiters, which, similar to greaves, serve to protect their well-shaped, muscular, and manly limbs.

Their chief, Ibrahim Bey, had taken up his abode in a peasant's hut, which he had converted into his head-quarters; he gave us a hearty welcome in Romaïc, hospitably invited us to dismount, nor would he suffer us to depart, without partaking of the friendly cup of "ghāwāh" (coffee) and the usual chibouque.

The road,—if ever it had deserved such a name,—although hitherto bad enough,—shortly after leaving the Albanian camp, became nearly impassable, and soon led to a part of the Mountain, which might well have exemplified the "dry and stony" places of Scripture. We had not to scramble over mere fragments of rock, or masses of stone; but, if a short bubbling sea had been suddenly petrified, it could not have presented a more rugged and uneven surface. This desolate and dreary belt, which took us some time to cross,—our horses slipping and scrambling about at a most

fearful rate,—was not enlivened by a single blade of grass, or living animal, save that here and there might be seen basking on the sunny side of a grey stone, one of those fierce-looking though harmless little animals, of the lizard species, which, from the ensanguined hue of their throats, are known in the East Indies by the name of, "blood-suckers."*

Having crossed this stony desert, and passed a traveller's Khān, by the road side, we shortly after arrived on the brink of the deep and broad valley or ravine,—if the latter term can be applied to a chasm torn through the breast of the Mountain, whose breadth, as the crow flies, must be upwards of a mile,—in whose pine-shaded depths, at our feet, foamed and dashed, though far out of hearing—the torrent called the Nāhār-é-Beyrout.

Above our heads frowned grey, bare, and

* Lizards abound in Syria.—"The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the temple of the Sun at Balbec, (says Bruce,) amounted to many thousands; the ground, walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them."

beetling cliffs, along whose sides were browsing flocks of beautiful large goats, with pendant ears hanging down over their eyes like those of a well bred spaniel,—whilst amidst the dark foliage of the firs and pines, not far below, on our left, might occasionally be caught a transient glimpse of white spray, the only token conveyed to our senses of the raging stream, which wound through those dense masses of dark and sombre-looking foliage of the ever verdant pine.

The village of Hāmānah, the term of our journey's end had already, for some time past, been in sight, yet it then took us nearly two hours,—such is the winding nature of these mountain paths,—ere, after crossing the rude, single-arched, stone bridge, which spanned the torrent, we ascended a rugged path leading to the present head-quarters of the Grand Prince.

On entering the spacious court, in front of the building, we found,

"Richly caparison'd, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide extending court below;
Above strange groups adorned the corridore."

In short the scene presented all the bustle and preparation of active warfare at an outpost which, from hour to hour, might be surprised by an enterprising and dreaded enemy, for such was Ibrahim Pasha still to be considered.

Horses, ready saddled and bridled, stood picketted thickly around, and groups of hardy, rugged looking Mountaineers, armed to the teeth, were, some lazily reclining in the sun, or burnishing their firelocks and daggers, whilst others in groups were idly loitering about, and smoking their rude chibouques, with all that nonchalance so characteristic of the soldier, in his moments of repose and idleness. Giorgio soon informed them of the purport of our visit, and we were forthwith ushered into the august presence of his Highness, who, seated on a comfortable divan,—though, by the bye, none of the cleanest,—was then engaged in transacting the affairs of state, and dictating to a couple of secretaries, who, seated on their hams before him, were writing on slips of coarse paper, the latter supported,

during the operation, on the palm of the left hand, whilst all his courtiers were respectfully standing in a circle around.

The Emir Beschir Cassim appeared about seventy years of age, with an expression of countenance in which,—though energy and decision might be wanting,—mildness and benignity were strongly marked. His head was surmounted by a white turban of capacious dimensions, his upper lip shaded by a moustache of the same venerable hue, whilst the rest of his face strongly reminded one of Hotspur's description of a fop,—for although some eight or ten days before, the barber had no doubt done his duty, it bore a marvellous resemblance, on the present occasion, to a well gleaned "stubble field."

The old man graciously rose to receive us, and on reading the Commodore's letter, placed me on his right hand, the seat of honour,—embraced me,* called me his son,

* The mountain embrace of welcome and friendship, consists of throwing the right arm over the shoulder, bringing the countenance in contact, and sometimes kissing the cheek. Many is the time and oft, when undergoing this ordeal at the hands of some grisly old

and overwhelmed me with compliments and welcomes.

We had capitally timed the moment of our arrival, which was mid-day, the hour of the first morning meal, and, after having been on horseback since sun-rise, the reader may easily fancy that great was our delight when a tray, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, after being placed on a low stand, was shortly after, covered with smoking dishes, containing piles of rice pilau, and every other Eastern delicacy "of the season." We squatted around the "festive board;"—embroidered napkins were duly handed to us by negro slaves, who also deposited opposite each guest a large flat circular piece of what greatly resembled a pancake, but which turned out to be the "Khobs" or unleavened bread, in general use all over Syria. After these preliminaries the mere serious operations of the day commenced, by our following the Prince's

Emir or Sheikh, I have wished the loving venerable at the bottom of the Red Sea, or that he had deputed one of his grand-daughters instead to perform the ceremony.

example, and diving our right hands deeply into the savoury mass of pilau before us; —it is true, the Emir, out of compliment to our Frankish customs, had provided a couple of silver spoons and forks for the occasion; but remembering the old adage of, "Do at Rome as the Romans do,"—we soon found the use for which fingers were originally intended, nor were our appetites thereby any way impaired;—indeed the old Emir did not allow us to flinch, for ever and anon, by way of encouragement and compliment, he would with his own princely digits tear asunder the wing or leg of a fowl, and insist on our partaking of these savoury morsels, until a complete state of repletion forced us at last to cry "Hold, enough!" A metal ewer and basin, soap and embroidered napkins, were then taken round by the attendants, when the guests performed an ablution after their manner, but the Prince was not so easily satisfied, for not content with lathering with soap his hands and moustache,—the *inside* of his mouth underwent a similar operation, he

then rinsed it well out,—and uttering a low "Alhumdolillah," "thank God!" immediately ordered those great promoters of digestion, and consequently of health: the never-failing chibouque and narghili.

I was struck by a peculiarity in the construction of these, in the East, indispensable articles, the Mountain fashions of which appeared to differ greatly from those of the city. The stick of the chibouque, in the latter, is generally made either of maple, cherry, or jasmine, often richly ornamented with silk, gold tassels, and filagree work, and surmounted by a handsome mouth-piece—whilst the narghili there resembles the Indian hookah, the water being contained in a glass bowl, through which the smoke is conducted by means of a long flexible tube, composed of wire covered with leather;—but here, in the "Djebail" (the Mountain) the green stem of a rose tree, carefully perforated, appeared to be most *à-la-mode*, whilst the common shaped narghili was superseded by a cocoa nut, which formed the bowl—richly inlaid with silver—the

lighted "tumbec"*—being placed in a vessel at the top of a tall upright hollow cylinder, of elaborately carved wood, whilst the aroma is conveyed to the mouth by means of a hollow cane inserted into the upper part of the bowl.

After pipes and coffee, and a short discussion on the state of affairs, during which the Emir complained sadly of the neglect of the Turks in not sending him either money or provisions for his people,—we adjourned to a neighbouring apartment to pay a visit to his younger brother the Emir Abdallah—whom we found surrounded likewise by a circle of courtiers, but, in this case, some of them dispensed so far with etiquette as to remain seated in his presence.

The gauntlet of coffee, pipes, and sherbet was here to be run afresh, after which, following the Emir, we adjourned to a large open space on the side of the hill, where the Prince had prepared, for our inspection, a muster of his Mountain forces,—which

* A peculiar species of tobacco, the growth of Persia, and used exclusively for the narghili.

amounted, in all, to between two and three thousand men.

The scene which presented itself at this grand "review," though differing slightly from field days in Hyde Park or the Phœnix at Dublin, was nevertheless exciting,—and from its novelty interesting in the extreme. On first entering the square, we beheld, drawn up, three or four deep, several hundreds of the Mountaineers, who with their variegated dresses and glittering arms, had the most picturesque and bandit-like appearance.

The centre of the area had been left vacant, and into this space, preceded by discharges of muskets and deafening shouts,—galloped at full speed, the Grand Prince, mounted on a splendid Arab charger, and followed by all the chivalry of the Mountain, who, after performing various evolutions of mimic Arab warfare, at last, breaking into two parties, commenced the favourite Eastern game of throwing the djerreed—in which dangerous pastime the aged Prince likewise took a part, hurling his dart, and avoiding

those of his adversaries, with an active dexterity which, at his advanced time of life, was truly astonishing.

The sports continued till the setting sun, gloriously sinking into the Mediterranean which lay distinctly in view, though many leagues off, and thousands of feet below, reminded us forcibly that a six hours ride intervened between Hāmānah and our resting place for the night; we therefore reluctantly took our leave, and after many protestations of friendship from all our new mountain friends, and with the promise on our part of soon paying them a longer visit, —turning our horses' heads towards home, we safely reached the gates of Beyrout at a late hour of the night,—and were soon after dreaming of horned beauties, turbaned knights, and no end of Princes, Emirs, and Sheikhs,—flying djereeds and flashing scymitars!*

* * * * * *

On the 1st and 2nd of December set in that terrific gale which, sweeping along the

* See note at the end of the volume.

whole of the Egyptian and Syrian coast, drove all our vessels to seek refuge in Marmorice Bay, with the loss of one brig, and a couple of ships dismasted.* Although the casualties amongst the men-of-war were not very heavy, the merchant vessels and light country craft suffered severely along this open and unprotected coast.

I rode out along St. George's Bay during the height of the gale, accompanied by Mr. Hunter and Capt. Laué, when this warfare of the elements presented a most magnificent effect. The spray was wildly sweeping over the rocks on which stands the Lazaret—whilst huge waves "curling their monstrous

* The Zebra, which went on shore between Kaïffa and Acre, became a total wreck. The Pique was dismasted in the same anchorage; and an Austrian corvette suffered a similar fate in St. George's Bay. This severe gale (of which had proper advantage been taken by the Egyptians, they might have recovered their possessions in Syria) not only forced our ships to make for Marmorice Bay, but drove the squadron before Alexandria, under Commodore Napier, from that roadstead, and inflicted on it considerable damage. Amongst others, the Powerful shipped a sea which carried away her forechannels and bulwarks.

heads"—washed far past their usual limits on the beach of St. George's Bay, and carried with them, into the very fields and plantations behind, fragments of spars, masts, several boats, and smaller vessels, which had already gone on shore; whilst numerous craft of a larger description were, by this time, firmly embedded in the sand, and lay high, though not dry, upon the beach.

The Bellerophon, commanded by Capt. Austen, after a most narrow escape, succeeded in getting to sea; the flag ship, the Princess Charlotte, still held to her anchors, but it was terrific to behold the struggles of this enormous mass against the gigantic billows, which, at one minute, heaved her up heavily on their bosom, and the next appeared ready to engulph her under their angry and discoloured surface. The old ship, however, gallantly held her own, but was glad, as soon as possible, to take up a snugger berth at Marmorice Bay, leaving behind her sad relics of the tempest, from which she herself escaped unscathed.

During the whole of a considerable resi-

dence at Beyrout, I associated, as I have before remarked, almost exclusively with Syrians; but about this time I formed an acquaintance, who,—as he will be often mentioned in the course of the narrative,—it is time to introduce to the reader—this was Capt. Laué, a veteran Prussian officer who, for the last three or four years, had, by the approval of his own government, been in the service of the Porte, with the important trust of putting in some kind of order the dilapidated forts of the Dardanelles.

He subsequently accompanied Hafiz Pasha in his campaign of 1839, was present at the battle of Nezib, where he had charge of the artillery, and was now, after so many years of hard work—in, it is true, a graceless cause,—elbowed out of the way by General Jochmus, who, through Lord Ponsonby's interest at Constantinople, was shortly to succeed to the high appointment of Seraskier in Syria. There can be but one opinion as to the military experience and respective merits of these two officers; but Laué was without friends at court—

he certainly possessed not the *suaviter in modo*—his contempt for the Turk was unbounded, nor did he take much pains to conceal it;—under all these circumstances it is not perhaps a matter of surprise that after having been of considerable use to the Ottoman Porte, he was now left without any command or definite employment; nor had as yet even the insignia of Bey been conferred upon this deserving old officer, with whom I contracted a great intimacy, and who often joined our frequent erratic expeditions into the Mountains, by an account of only one more of which, I will test the reader's patience and indulgence.*

We had long been meditating an excursion to the Keshrouan, (the Castravan of the Crusaders), and shortly after the occasion of the gale of the 2nd of December, our party, one fine morning—very unlike a *December* day in our northern clime—were early in the saddle, and after traversing the oft described ground leading around the beach

* For a more lengthened account of Capt. Laué, vide Hunter's Syria, vol. ii. chap. 1 and 2.

of St. George's Bay, soon found ourselves at the entrance of the pass, which, scarped out of the rock, winds round the high promontory at the mouth of the Dog River.

The beach presented a melancholy spectacle, strewn as it was with wrecks, in every stage of ruin and destruction, whilst the unfortunate crews who had escaped from a watery grave, having formed temporary abodes by converting the sails into tents, were busily collecting, from amidst the accumulated sand, such remains of their property as had been thrown up by the waves. It is true there were, posted here and there, for the protection of property, a few small pickets of Turkish soldiers; but not the least disposition was shewn by the Mountaineers—and the locality would have greatly favoured such an attempt—to plunder the poor wretches who had thus been thrown helpless on their coast, and who, in more civilized parts of the world might have experienced far different treatment.

As the rocks encroached on the sandy beach, we observed large square cisterns,

hollowed out of their solid surfaces, said to have been constructed for the formation of salt, and Giorgio informed us the spot was named *el Malakha* from ملح the Arabic for salt.*

An abrupt ascent, over what had every appearance of having once been a Roman causeway, led upwards around the face of the rock, to a point where, on one side, huge cliffs towered over head, on whose summit was perched a Maronite convent, whilst on the other we giddily looked down on the dark deep waters, which laved the foot of a position capable of being defended by a handful of determined men against the aggression of thousands.

About the summit of the ascent, on the face of the perpendicular rocks to the east, —on our right hand side,—we observed some

* The name of Malaga on the coast of Spain is said to be derived from the same source, and many other places have been named after this article, which by Orientals is considered sacred, and the symbol of hospitality in the East;—eat salt with your greatest foe, and he will consider himself disgraced, should any thing happen to you whilst under his roof or tent.

colossal basso-relievo figures, of apparently the remotest antiquity, which are mentioned by Maundrell, whose drawings of them are, however, any thing but correct,—though this want of accuracy in a traveller famed for generally possessing that very requisite quality, is thus probably accounted for in his own words :—

"It was our misfortune to have at this place a very violent storm of thunder and rain, which made our company too much in haste to make any longer stay here. By which misfortune I was prevented from copying the inscriptions, and making such an exact scrutiny into this antiquity, as it seemed very well to deserve."

I took a sketch of these remarkable figures* which by some authors are sup-

* The author was much struck with the beautiful appearance which the numerous flowers, springing from every crevice of these rocks, now presented ; the late rains had caused bulbous plants of every description to shoot forth, and whilst the white Narcissus was gaily waving over his head, the stony brows of the venerable old Persian or Egyptian priests were wreathed by bunches of a delicate pink flower, which hung down in graceful festoons from the clefts of the rock.

posed to be tokens left behind by the Egyptian army, which Sesostris is *said* to have once led into this part of Syria.

A little further on, commences the descent, which is rugged and precipitous in the extreme, and soon all doubt of its Roman origin is removed by the following inscription on a tablet, five feet in length by three and a half broad, smoothed out of the face of the rock, and to the following effect:—

HERCVLES M AVREI IVS
ANTNINS PIVS AVCVS VS
PART RH VS
PONTFEX
MONTIBVS IMMINENTIBVS
COFIVVI ESIS LATA
PER
ANTONINIAN M VAM

Maundrell also mentions this inscription, but, in his time, it appears to have been less effaced and in a more perfect state,—as he gives the following version of it, when speaking of the construction of this road, he says: "the memory of which good work is perpetuated by an inscription, engraven on a

table placed in the side of the natural rock, (the "table" is part of the rock itself,) not far from the entrance into the way, as follows:—

IMP: CAE: M: AVRELIVS
ANTONINVS, PIVS, FELIX, AVGVSTVS
PARTH: MAX: BRIT: GERM: MAXIMVS,
PONTIFEX MAXIMVS
MONTIBVS IMMINENTIBVS
LYCOFLVMINI CASIS VIAM DILATAVIT
PER—(what follows appears to have been purposely erased.)
ANTONINIANAM SVAM.

At the foot of the pass, and near the rocky banks of the Nāhār é-Khelb, stands a modern "Khān" or hostellerie for the accommodation of travellers. Old Maundrell quaintly remarks: "it must be here noted that in travelling this country a man does not meet with a market town and inns every night as in England;" still, at certain intervals of his journey, the weary wayfarer is always sure of falling in with one of these buildings, whose protecting walls at least serve to screen him from the scorching heat of the sun during the day, and from the heavy dews at night.

Sometimes, on a much frequented road, an enterprising speculator will establish himself at one of these Khāns, and retail to the weary traveller a cup of coffee, or a few refreshing whiffs of the bubbling narghili, —but far oftener, not even this scanty fare is to be found,—and he who journeys in the East must oft content himself, after fastening the barley bag on his horse's nose,—to cast himself down on a rug, eat a handful of dates, and court gentle sleep with the soothing chibouque, until the dawn of a succeeding day enables him to resume his journey. This sort of work, to the turnpike road soi-disant-traveller,—who *roughs* it every day on a rump steak, and bottle of port—whose wants are obsequiously administered to by the ready spruce waiter, whilst a neat and pretty chambermaid smooths the downy couch, on which he is to take his ten or twelve hours dose of nightly oblivion,—to such a person, the rugged road, the slow pace of the camel, or tired steed, the sandy heat of the desert,

or the hard floor of the "Khān," would present few attractions;—only the *real* traveller can enjoy a few such occasional privations, which merely serve to give zest to the additional enjoyments he will derive, when chance or circumstances throw him once more on a bed of down—before a well spread board,—or the blazing hearth.

But to resume the course of our narrative;—the Dog River, which, as has been said, flows past the aforementioned Khān, is crossed by a four-arched solidly constructed stone bridge, bearing an Arabic scroll, engraved on a marble slab, which none of us were able to decipher; but this some authors,—amongst others Laroque and Maundrell,—assert to be a statement that the bridge was erected by Fākr-el-Din.—Another inscription in similar characters, traced on the rocks immediately facing the bridge, but nearly concealed by a plantation of mulberry trees, is said to contain a repetition of the statement, to which I, however, cannot pretend to bear testimony, as none of our

party, not even Giorgio, could expound the meaning of the unknown and mysterious sentences here recorded.

Various are the reasons assigned for the nomenclature of the *Dog* River,—some authors trace it to the Λῦκος, (wolf) of the Greeks, the Lycus of the Romans; whilst others state that its appellation of *Khelb*, (dog) is derived from the noise made by its waters, which, when swelled by the melting of the snow, rush impetuously over their rocky bed, causing sounds fancifully compared to the baying of wild dogs.—Some, on the other hand, trace its origin to certain mysterious rites connected with the worship of the Anzarié, amongst whom, as I have said, the dog is held sacred, and pretend that the mutilated and gigantic image of one of these animals still, in clear and calm weather, is to be seen at the bottom of the sea which washes the foot of the adjoining cliff. Having stated all these several theories, I leave the learned reader to form his own conclusion, and will only add that, to whatever circumstances it may owe its

appellation, this stream and pass must at all times have been of great importance in a military point of view, and the existence of extensive remains of an aqueduct in the immediate vicinity, would lead to the conclusion that the Romans had here established a permanent station for their troops.

On crossing the Dog River we entered the province of the Keshrouan, which has already been described as occupied by the Maronites, and exclusively Christian. It was here, after the whole Mountain, at the commencement of 1840, had been in a state of fermentation* at the apprehended measure of a general disarmament, and the establishment of the conscription by Mehemet Ali, that the embers of the revolt were first fanned and broke out in the month of June of that year; which, although in a

* To such an extent did this feeling of apprehension then exist, that Perrier, who for many years was Aide-de-camp to Souliman Pasha,—states that a visit which the latter made to the celebrated artist, Horace Vernet, at Beyrout, and for which purpose he left his government of Sidon, caused such a sensation in that town that many families instantly embarked for Cyprus.

short time repressed by the energetic measures adopted by the Egyptians, gave them, nevertheless, no slight degree of uneasiness, and was the foundation of the more successful attempt which ensued on the landing of the allies at Djouni.—This ill-timed and premature rising, was at first headed by a Frenchman, the Count Onfroy, and seconded by the Sheikhs Francis Casim and Khangiar, who, after largely stating their grievances, merely required as the price of their submission that the following very reasonable terms should be observed towards the Mountain :—

1st. They were to keep their arms as hitherto, or only to exchange them for those which had been forcibly taken from them.

2nd. No conscription to exist.

3rd. Although agreeing to pay the "ferdé," it should be with the understanding that it was to be personal, not including those who had died, or had been killed in the Pasha's service.

4th. That some sort of order should be established to regulate the "fatigue" duties

by which the Mountaineers were severely oppressed, and in many cases nearly ruined.

The inhabitants of Hāmānah desired, moreover, to be exempted from the onerous task of labouring in the coal mines of Kornail.*

Had Mehemet Ali granted these terms, he might, perhaps, at this hour, have been in possession of Syria; but it was written otherwise, and it is not, I believe, generally known that what greatly tended to increase the motives of an insurrection with the Mountaineers, was a recorded ancient prophecy, now industriously circulated amongst them, to the effect, that in the years 1256 and 1257 (of the Hegira), Syria was to be visited by "soldiers from the West," who were to deliver the country from the oppression of its task-masters, and restore it to liberty and happiness.

* * * *

The scenery of Keshrouan differs greatly from the sterner attributes which mark the

* Vide Perrier's Syria, page 375.

higher regions of the Lebanon; presenting as great a contrast to the latter as exists between the rugged heights of the Alps, and the smiling and fertile slopes which adorn the banks of the noble lake, which lies embedded at their feet;—and the rich cultivation and verdant mulberry plantations, thickly studded with cottages, of the Keshrouan, often strongly reminded me of the terraced vineyards and orchards, along the northern shores of Lake Leman, in the neighbourhood of Lausanne and Vevay.

* * * *

After reaching the site of the entrenched camp of the Allies,—situated about a couple of miles to the north of the Dog River—wandering over its now bare and deserted precincts, ascending the old massive Roman ruin, upon which had floated the Commodore's broad blue pennant—probably the first Christian banner that had been seen in this country since the time of the Crusades;—visiting the chapel, which had been converted into his head-quarters, and from one of the windows of which, cut down into an

embrasure, then protruded the threatening muzzle of a field-piece,—we, at last, heated and tired,—were fain to claim the rites of hospitality at the hands of some of the poor cottagers in the vicinity, at one of whose huts, we were refreshed with a little goat's milk, and a coarse, though welcome repast of "khobs and jibbon," (bread and cheese.)

These poor people pointed to the desolation around—their fields destroyed—their mulberry plantations cut down—themselves left in the greatest penury and destitution—the consequences of the late war,—for which evils they appeared equally to execrate the name of both "Osmanli and Musree," (Turk and Egyptian.)*

* * * *

We have before remarked that the whole

* Notwithstanding the Commodore's repeated appeals on the subject, not only did the most shameful remissness exist on the part of the Turks to compensate for the losses these poor people had suffered in their cause; but, as in the case of Beit-el-Shébāb, after sending officers, with a numerous suite, to estimate the damages done, the poor people were obliged to maintain, for days, at their cost, these commissioners, together with a numerous suite of followers.

of this district is exclusively Christian, and the numerous convents testify, if not the piety of the inhabitants, at least the abundance of an indolent and worthless race, in the shape of monks and friars, together with a slight sprinkling of nuns. Every order and genus of the tribe are concentrated in this otherwise favoured part of Lebanon.*

Libanins, Antonins, Halebies, Lazarists, and Franciscans, (the two latter chiefly composed of Europeans,) all swarm in abundance, and appear to flourish and grow fat, by the credulity of the simple people, who often deprive themselves of the necessaries of life, to provide for the pampered sloth and "dolce far-niente" of these lazy and worthless fellows.

The Lazarists, who now occupy at Antoura the convent formerly the property of the Jesuits,† appeared to be mostly French, and this was probably the cause of the coldness of our reception. The Franciscans

* Vide Appendix.

† The latter gentlemen established a nunnery at a most convenient distance from their abode, of which it is within a stone's throw: the directress of this establishment is now an Ethiopian negress.

have, at Harissa, a splendid abode in a delightful position; whilst above the village of Zug, is El Kourket, which the history of its far-famed and notorious Abbess, has for ever stamped amidst the darkest pages of history recording monastic horrors; and, to the reader who may not have heard of the deeds of Héndia, the following short account may not be wholly uninteresting.

Héndia was a Maronite girl, possessing extraordinary personal charms, who, in 1755, first brought herself into notice by her pretended piety and attention to her religious duties, till at last she was by this simple and credulous people, considered almost in the light of a saint and prophetess. When she had thus established a reputation for sanctity, she next thought of becoming the head and chief of an extensive establishment of monks and nuns, to receive whom, with the aid of large contributions raised amongst her credulous admirers and followers, she erected two spacious stone buildings, which soon became filled with proselytes of both sexes.

The Patriarch of Lebanon was named the director of this establishment; and for twenty years Héndia reigned with unbounded sway over her little community, performing miracles, uttering prophecies, and giving other tokens of being in the performance of a divine mission; and although it was remarked that many deaths yearly occurred among the nuns—the circumstance was generally attributed to diseases incident to the insalubrity of the situation. At last, chance brought to light the cause of this very great mortality, and disclosed all the secret horrors which had so long remained covered by the veil of mystery in this abode of monastic abominations.

A traveller, on his way from Damascus to the coast, happened to arrive, one fine summer night, at a late hour before the convent gates, which he found closed, and not wishing to disturb its inmates, who had apparently retired to rest, he spread his travelling rug under some neighbouring trees, and laid himself down to sleep.

His slumbers were however shortly dis-

turbed by a number of persons, who, issuing from the convent, appeared to be clandestinely bearing away what seemed to be a heavy bundle. Prompted by curiosity, he cautiously followed the party, who after going a short distance, deposited their burthen, and commenced digging a deep hole, into which having placed, and covered with earth, what was evidently a dead body, they immediately took their departure.

Astonished, and rather dismayed at an occurrence of so mysterious a nature, the traveller lost no time in mounting his mule, and, on arriving at Beyrout, made known the extraordinary occurrence to which he had been witness the night before.

This account reached the ears of a merchant who happened to have two daughters undergoing their noviciate at El Kourket, and reports had lately reached him of the illness of one of his children; this, together with the numerous deaths which had lately taken place at the convent, coupled with the traveller's narration, excited in his mind the most serious apprehensions. He gave in-

formation on the subject, and laid a complaint before the Grand Prince at Dhair-el-Kamar,—and, accompanied by his informant and a troop of horsemen, furnished by the Emir, hastened to the spot of the alleged mysterious burial,—when, to his horror, on opening the newly made grave, he discovered it to contain the corpse of his youngest daughter!

Frantic at this sight, he desired instant admission, in order to ascertain the safety of her sister;—on this being refused, the gates were forced open, and the unfortunate girl was found closely confined in a dungeon on the point of death, but retaining still strength enough to disclose horrors, which led to an investigation implicating the patriarch, the abbess, and several priests.

This transaction, which happened in 1776, was submitted for the decision of the Papal see—when it appeared that the pretended Prophetess had, by means of many ingenious mechanical devices, thus long imposed on public credulity, whilst in the retirement of the cloister, the most licentious and profli-

gate occurrences nightly took place; and that when any unfortunate nun gave offence either by refusing to be sacrificed at the shrine of infamy, or that it became desirable to get rid of her, in order to appropriate for the convent the amount of her property,—she was immured in a dungeon, left to perish by a lingering and miserable death, and then privately buried during the night! In consequence of these shocking discoveries, the patriarch was deposed—the priests, his accomplices were severely punished, and the high priestess of this temple of cruelty and debauchery was immured in confinement, and survived for many years, to repent of all the atrocities she had previously committed.

Could the walls of every convent and monastery give utterance to all they have witnessed within their unhallowed precincts,—how many editions of the events of El Kourket might not perchance be revealed to the world! and how many lady abbesses proved to have been in their time second Héndias!

* * * * * *

During one of our excursions to the Keshrouan, we visited a remarkable natural cavè, running deep into the precipitous mountains overhanging the Nāhār-é-Khelb, called the Mghar-é-Jaïta, or Cavern of Jaïta, from being situated near the village of that name.*

However, we have in all conscience sufficiently tired the reader's patience, and detained him long enough in Lebanon,—therefore, should he feel inclined to explore—

> "The cavern, whose
> Mouth, they say, opens from the internal world,
> To let the inner spirits of the earth
> Forth when they walk its surface,"

with all due deference we beg to refer him to "Hunter's Expedition to Syria,"† and shall only add, that with the assistance of constant trips to various parts of the Mountain, similar to those above described, together with our Arabic studies, and numerous other avocations, time glided imperceptibly o'er our heads; and although our military

* See note at the end of this volume.

† Vol. ii. page 56.

ardour prompted, a wish for more active undertakings, still we could not fail to be pleased, on the whole, with our "Winter quarters at Beyrout."

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The British Expedition of 1798—9.

Page 79.

The defence of Acre by the gallant Sir Sydney Smith, and his heroic comrades, is a matter too well known to need any detail from me; but perhaps the following account of the proceedings and fate of General Koehler and his party may not be considered superfluous. It is from the pen of Dr. Wittman, the surgeon to the force:—

"Towards the close of the year 1798, a plan was formed byhis Majesty's ministers to send to the dominions of the Grand Seignor a British military mission, which was to proceed to the seat of war, and to co-operate with the Turks against the common enemy—the French; who had by that time gained a strong footing in Egypt. For this purpose General Koehler, who had been at Constantinople on a former occasion, was selected, together with several officers belonging to the corps of Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery. These, with a certain number of non-commissioned officers and privates, belonging to the corps

of Artillery, and a few artificers, composed the above mission, consisting altogether of seventy-six persons.

"The officers who were appointed on this occasion to act under General Koehler were—Lieut.-Colonel Holloway, of the Royal Engineers; Majors Hope and Fead, of the Royal Artillery; Major Fletcher and Captain Lacy, of the Royal Engineers; and Captain Leake, of the Royal Artillery. Captain Franklin, who was in the service of the Honourable East India Company, went in the capacity of secretary to General Koehler; Mr. Chandler, as commissary; Mr. Whiteman, assistant commissary; Messrs. Read and Pink, draughtsmen; and Dr. Wittman, surgeon to the mission."

The party had scarcely landed when they were attacked by the plague, which made great havoc among them. "On the 5th of December, a military artificer was attacked by symptoms of malignant fever, to which he fell a victim on the 10th, in the afternoon. His death was soon followed by other similar disasters; for, on the night following the day of his decease, Mace, a civil artificer, was seized with symptoms which very speedily announced the disease to be a true case of the plague. Under this attack he sunk at nine in the morning of the 12th, after an illness of little more than twenty-four hours. This fatal case was succeeded by that of one of the artillerymen, who was attacked, on the evening of the 13th, with symptoms similar to the above, and languished until the afternoon of the 18th, the sixth day of the attack, when he expired. In both of these cases several pestilential tumours were manifest.

"The fatal illness of Mrs. Koehler, wife of the General, was of a more lingering kind than those related above. On the seventh day of the month, she was attacked by symptoms of malignant fever, which did not yield to any of the curative means employed, but manifested in their progress an increased virulence. On the 13th she was conveyed from the encampment to the town of Jaffa, where a lodging had been taken for her; and died there on the 14th, in the afternoon. Her affectionate and inconsolable husband, the General, did not long survive her loss. He was seized nearly in the same manner, on the morning of the 26th; and having quitted the encampment, sent his secretary immediately after to Colonel Holloway the next in command, to say that he was gone to Jaffa indisposed. The malignance of the fever by which he had been attacked, added to the melancholy into which he had been plunged by his recent loss, very speedily terminated his earthly career. He died on the evening of the 29th, the fourth day of the attack; and was buried on the following afternoon with military honours."

The Assassins.

Page 167.

Though the Anzarii were little known in Europe, they came into frequent collision with the Frank rulers of Palestine, and were even, for a while, the tributaries of the Knights Templars. *

"In the year 1172, the Knight Templar, Walter du Mesnil, was guilty of a foul murder, which created a great sensation in the East. An odious religious sect, supposed to be descended from the Ismaelians of Persia, were settled in the fastnesses of the mountains above Tripoli. They devoted their souls and bodies in blind obedience to a chief, who is called by the writers of the Crusades, "the old man of the mountain," and were employed by him in the most extensive system of murder and assassination known in the history of the world. Both Christian and Moslem writers enumerate, with horror, the many illustrious victims that fell beneath their daggers. They assumed all shapes and disguises for the furtherance of their deadly designs, and carried, in general, no arms except a small poniard, concealed in the folds of their dress, called in the Persian tongue *hassassin*, whence these wretches were called *assassins*, their chief, the Prince of the Assassins; and the word itself, in all its odious import, has passed into most European languages.

"Raimond, son of the Count of Tripoli, was slain by

* Dissertation sur les Assassins, Académie des Inscriptions, tom. xvii. p. 127. 170.—*De Guignes.* Hist. des Huns.—*Will. Tyr.* lib. xx. cap. 31.

these fanatics whilst kneeling at the foot of the altar, in the church of the Blessed Virgin, at Carchusa or Tortosa; the Templars flew to arms to avenge his death; they penetrated into the fastnesses and strongholds of 'the Mountain Chief,' and at last compelled him to purchase peace, by the payment of annual tribute of two thousand crowns into the treasury of the order. In the ninth year of Amalric's reign, *Sinan Ben Suleiman*, imaun of the Assassins, sent a trusty counsellor to Jerusalem, offering, in the name of himself and his people, to embrace the Christian religion, provided the Templars would release them from their tribute money. The proposition was favourably received; the envoy was honourably entertained for some days, and, on his departure, he was furnished by the king with a guide and an escort, to conduct him in safety to the frontier. The Ismaelite had reached the borders of the Latin kingdom, and was almost in sight of the castles of his brethren, when he was cruelly murdered by the Knight Templar, Walter du Mesnil, who attacked the escort with a body of armed followers.*

* * * * *

"King Louis, after his release from captivity, proceeded to Palestine, where he remained two years. He repaired the fortifications of Jaffa and Cæsarea, and assisted the Templars in putting the country into a defensible state. The Lord de Joinville remained with him the whole time, and relates some curious events that took place, during his stay. It appears that the scheik of the Assassins still con-

* *Jac. de Vitr.* Hist. Orient. lib. iii. p. 1142.—*Will. Tyr.* lib. xx. cap. 32.

tinued to pay tribute to the Templars; and during the King's residence at Acre, the Chief sent ambassadors to him to obtain a remission of the tribute. He gave them an audience, and declared that he would consider of their proposal. "When they came again before the King," says Joinville, "it was about vespers, and they found the Master of the Temple on one side of him, and the Master of the Hospital on the other. The ambassadors refused to repeat what they had said in the morning, but the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital commanded them so to do. Then the Masters of the Temple and Hospital told them that their lord had very foolishly and impudently sent such a message to the King of France, and had they not been invested with the character of ambassadors, they would have thrown them into the filthy sea at Acre, and have drowned them in despite of their master. 'And we command you,' continued the Masters, 'to return to your lord, and to come back within fifteen days, with such letters from your prince, that the King shall be contented with him and with you.'"

The ambassadors accordingly did as they were bid, and brought back from their scheik a shirt, the symbol of friendship, and a great variety of rich presents, "crystal elephants, pieces of amber, with borders of pure gold," &c. &c.* "You must know that when the ambassadors opened the case containing all these fine things, the whole apartment was instantly embalmed with the odour of their sweet perfumes."—*Addison's History of the Knights Templars.*

* Joinville, p. 95, 96.

The Druses.

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During his researches in the Library of the British Museum, the author stumbled on the following old document, relating to the Druses, which is here appended:—

"The religion of the Druses was first propagated in Egypt by the pretended prophet Mahomet-ian-Ismael-Damri, and his disciple Hamza-ben-Acmed Alkadi, towards the close of the tenth century, during the reign of the Caliph Hakim. In the twelfth century they emigrated to Palestine, establishing themselves on Mount Lebanon and its environs, and called themselves the descendants of the Franks who accompanied Godefroi de Bouillon, and had been compelled to fly under the Comte de Dreux, before the Saracens, to Mount Engaddi.

"The fundamental principle of the Druses, is to observe the most profound secresy in respect both to the sect and the doctrine. Their god is Hakim, whom they assert to have visited the earth in human shape, at various periods, and under various circumstances; and whenever a new preacher of religion appeared, he instantly joined himself to the concourse of his followers, without being recognised by any but his own disciples. He had sundry appellations. In Mauritania he assumed the garb of a camel-driver, and conveyed alms to his followers, on the backs of a hundred camels. In Egypt he built pyramids —founded the city of Rescheid and a conventicle.

"The Druses are divided into two great classes, the *Okkhals*, or anointed, and the *Djahels*, or ignorant:

from amongst the anointed there is chosen a secret body, called the "Hallowed." Every Friday the Druses assemble in a sacred house, where the object of their worship is kept in a box. Their idol *Hakim* or *Hamsah* is called the "hidden secret." The Imam of the initiated seldom opens it: to all it is not shewn, nor even to every one of the anointed; but to those only who have long professed their doctrines. At every meeting a short excerpt from their holy books is read, and before their departure thence, they all partake of dried grapes, or other fruits, and of bread.

"They were never to form a prevailing sect, but adhere outwardly to the one in power, whether Christian or Mahomedan.

"The Mahomet whom they address in their prayers is Mahomet Moldan—one of the name of Hakin, (which is supposed to have been corrupted into Bafouit.)

"The initiated make use of a salute, as their sign, asking the stranger: 'Stranger, do they sow the seed *Halalidisch* (mygrobalana citrina) in thy country?' If he answers 'Yes, it is in the hearts of the believers,' they know him to be one of their own body.

"From this it is pretty evident that through this brotherhood of Africans who were inhabitants of Mount Libanus, —their neighbours and good friends, the *Templars*, became acquainted with the seed *Halalidisch*, and transplanted it into Europe, whose climate proved even more congenial to it than its native land.'

The Emir-Beschir.

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"About the year 1824, the Emir considered himself sufficiently powerful to attack the Druse Sheikh of the Djombelat, who was then the acknowledged chief of all the Druse sect in Syria. The warfare was prosecuted with vigour, and at length the Druses were signally defeated in a mountain conflict, not without celebrity in the country.* The Emir Beschir at once assumed an equal sway over the Druse as over his own Christian sect; but at the same time retained as an official their former Sheikh, who annually received from him a robe, and kissed his hand in token of submission. The features of his government, at this period, peculiarly denote him as possessed of crafty and politic skill. He was chief of two bodies of men, both of whom, by fanatical prejudices and old feuds, heartily detested and abhorred each other. Men alike opposed in character as in sentiment. Did he attempt to reconcile such differences apparently so much to be dreaded? No; on the contrary he fermented them! and a greater spirit of mutual hatred became engendered. He found means, at the same time, of shifting the obloquy from himself, whilst he secretly encouraged the causes of the evil feelings. This was accomplished by retaining several influential Druses about his person, whose concurrence in his views he had obtained. Several times did he make the Druse war against the Christian, when the latter had revolted against the obduracy of his rule; and

* Vide Burckhardt's Travels.

as often directed the Christian prejudices against the Druse, when, in their turn, they murmured under his extortions. Yearly, however, he increased in wealth, and foreseeing future danger, made large investments of capital in Europe.* In 1834, 1835, and 1836, great subsidies of men and provisions were furnished by the Emir Beschir to Ibrahim Pacha, principally from amongst the Druses; yet, in the revolt of his own tribe, the Kisruan Maronites, in June of 1840, the Druses were readily prevailed upon to assist the Emir in bringing back the Christians to subjection. With one other fact I will conclude his history—namely, that there are now in the Lebanon more than twenty of his richest relatives, whom he has deprived of their eye-sight, jealous lest they might ever plot his overthrow.

"The Emir, when in the British squadron, had attained his eighty-sixth year, was tall, and still erect in his gait, wearing a flowing white beard. I have since seen him in the palace of the Florian at Malta, which has been allotted to him as a residence, and where, if experience has taught him wisdom, he will spend (with what contentment he may) the remainder of his days."—*Hunter's Expedition to Syria*, vol. i. p. 208, *et seq.*

* It is said that one of the principal villages near Marseilles is the entire property of the Emir.

Gatherings of the Mountaineers.

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Volney gives the following graphic description of one of these "gatherings," which strongly reminds one of accounts relating to similar events in the Highlands of Scotland, during the feudal ages,—the present Emirs and Sheikhs personating well the heads of the older clans:—

"The customs I witnessed under these circumstances, were tolerable representations of those of the ancient times. When the Emir and the Sheikhs had decided on war at Dhair-el-Kāmār, the criers at night ascended to the summits of the mountains; and began to cry with a loud voice: "*War! war! Seize the musket—take your pistols! Noble Sheikhs to horse! Arm yourselves with sabre and lance! Be to-morrow at Dhair-el-Kamār! Glory to God! Zeal for battle!*" This call heard by the surrounding villagers was repeated by them, and as all the country is a heap of high mountains and deep vallies, the warning in a few hours reached to the utmost frontiers. In the deep silence of the night, these sounds, reverberated by numerous echoes, together with the nature of the subject they related to, had an imposing and terrible effect. In three days 15,000 muskets were at Dhair-el-Kāmār, and operations might have instantly commenced."

Firman appointing Emir Beschir El Kassim, Prince of the Druses.

Page 210.

"We address this imperial command, which must take effect in all countries far and near, to the relation of the Emir Beschir, to him whom we now appoint Prince of the Druses; that is to say, to the most illustrious and most glorious Emir Beschir El Kassim, may his glory be perpetual; as well as to the Sheikhs of the Tribes of the Druses, the most distinguished amongst the chief men of the country; may their obedience increase! and we command that as soon as it shall be received, the following shall be made known.

"It was the duty of the Emir Beschir, according to the orders which he had received, to shew himself always a faithful subject, submissive to his Imperial Majesty, his august benefactor and master; to obey our commands; to endeavour to do that which was in conformity with our own desires; to shew a readiness to protect the inhabitants and tribes which we had committed to his charge; to use all his means and all his wisdom to protect them, and to save them from oppression—these were his duties as a subject. It has however come to our knowledge that the Emir Beschir has failed in all these essential points, and that he persists in complying with the desires of Mehemet Ali, and with those of his agents in acting according to their advice and instruction; and in pursuing a line of conduct which is not such as we expected on his par..

"You, Prince, acting with that fidelity and that excellent judgment which characterises you, have shewn your devotion to our imperial person—devotion which deserves a reward. You have evinced your obedience, and you know what your duty to us as our subject is. Therefore, our Sublime Porte is sure that if you were appointed Prince of the Druses, you would give fresh proofs of your submission to our commands and a fresh impulse to the fidelity, loyalty, and zeal, which are innate in you. It is on this account that we have decreed the deposition of the Emir Beschir, and that we have appointed and do appoint you Prince of the Tribes of the Druses; and this imperial command has consequently been issued from our Imperial Chancery.

"As soon then as you have read this noble commission, you will make it known by publishing it to all whom it may concern."

Commodore Napier.

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The following documents give a succinct account of the chief proceedings of the allied forces in Syria, before the arrival of the author in that country.

1.—COMMODORE NAPIER TO ADMIRAL SIR R. STOPFORD.

"*Head Quarters, D'Jounie, Lebanon, September 25th*, 1840."

"SIR,

"In obedience to your directions to drive the enemy from the position they had been fortifying for some days in the left of the Nahar-é-Kelb (Dog River) I marched out of our cantonments at daylight, on the 24th, with four Turkish battalions, under his Excellency Selim Pacha, second battalion of Royal Marines under Capt. Fegan; and an Austrian rocket detachment, under Alfeire de Vasilli Baldisiretto.

"The ground on either side of Nahar-é-Kelb is very high and precipitous, and offers great advantage to the defending, and very considerable danger to the attacking party. To secure against this, a Turkish battalion descended unseen, near the entrance of the gorge through which the Dog River runs, and gained the heights on the other side. The Marines and Austrian rocket detachment, covered by this battalion, crossed higher up, crowned the heights, and advanced on the enemy's position, about two leagues off. The Turkish battalion remained in position to cover our right, in the event of Soliman Pacha advancing from Beyrout to disturb our operations.

"Three Turkish battalions which descended into the gorge, before the Marines, pushed their way up the river, and advanced by a mountain path, to turn the enemy's left. This being perceived, they abandoned their en-

trenchments and occupied a new position of Ornachojouen, about a league to the right of their entrenchments.

"The Turks advanced with great rapidity and gallantry.

"General Jochmus, the chief of the staff, accompanied by my Aide-de camp, Lieut. Bradley, of the Powerful, put himself at the head of the skirmishers, and shewed a noble example, which was as nobly followed by his Excellency Selim Pacha, at the head of a battalion—the country people also joined, and were not the last in advancing. The enemy's skirmishers were speedily driven in, and their main body, consisting of about 700 men, fired two vollies and retired in great confusion; the Turks following them up with so much vigour, that between 400 and 500 prisoners were made, and the rest dispersed.

"The enemy moving from their first position, on which the Marines advanced, threw them out, and the work was entirely done by the Turks: they are, however, most anxious to try their strength, and I hope an opportunity will soon offer.

"This operation opened the whole district of Kata; and the Mountaineers, who had been driven from their homes, flocked down in great numbers, and were immediately armed.

"I have great reason to be satisfied with the conduct of his Excellency Selim Pacha and with General Jochmus, who fearlessly exposed himself in front, accompanied by my young friend Lieut. Bradley, who for the first time smelt powder.

"We have had a Turkish officer wounded and two men killed. Enclosed is a list of the Turkish officers, who

particularly distinguished themselves, and who, I trust, will meet with some mark of favour from the Sultan.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

(Signed) "C. NAPIER, Commodore."

2.—COMMODORE NAPIER TO ADMIRAL SIR R. STOPFORD.

"*D'Jounie, Head Quarters, Army of Lebanon. 29th Sept.* 1840.

"SIR,

"I embarked at sunset of the 26th inst., in obedience to your directions, with a Turkish battalion under Chef-de-Battalion, Hourchid Aga, and the 1st battalion of Royal Marines under Captain Morrison of the Princess Charlotte, in the two steam-ships, Gorgon and Cyclops, and proceeded off to Sydon. At daylight, the Thunderer, and Austrian frigate Guerriera, Ghul Sifidi, Turkish corvette, and Wasp joined, as also Stromboli, from England, with 284 Marines under Captain Whylock.

"The wind being light, the Cyclops towed Thunderer to her position, previously fixed by Captain Berkeley. Stromboli towed the Austrian frigate Guerriera, and the Turkish corvette, who were placed by Captain Berkeley abreast of the town. The Wasp and Stromboli anchored more to the southward to flank it. The Gorgon, Cyclops, and Hydra, which joined from Tyre, with Walker Bey, took up their position to the northward, close to the castle. The enclosed summons was sent to the Governor, with which he refused to comply.

"The Turkish battalions were now put into the boats,

and rendezvoused round the Cyclops; a few shot and shell were fired from the Gorgon at the castle and barracks, and shortly after, the whole of the squadron opened their broadsides, to drive the troops from the houses and the intrenchments they had thrown up to prevent a landing; in half an hour the firing ceased, and Captain Austin landed the Turkish battalion in the castle, which is joined to the town by a narrow causeway: this was effected with much loss, as the enemy still stuck to their intrenchments. The fire of the ships was again opened, and the houses in front battered down.

"Commander Mansel of the Wasp, was directed to seize the first favourable opportunity of throwing the detachment of Marines brought out by Stromboli, and the Austrian Marines into the castle abreast of him, which he did with great gallantry and judgment.

"Lieut. Hockin of the Marines, and several men were killed and wounded; they were directed to work their way to the upper castle, which commanded the town. The first battalion of Marines were now landed by Captain Henderson of the Gorgon, on the beach to the northward of the town, when they formed, and advanced to the walls. All being now ready, the Turkish battalion, headed by Walker Bey and Captain Austin, pushed along the causeway, and entered the town. I put myself at the head of the British Marines, and broke into the barracks. Captain Henderson, and another party, lodged themselves in a house above the barracks; this done, I marched the battalion along the line wall to the upper gate, broke it open, and seized the castle. All seemed now quiet below;

and leaving a guard in the castle, we descended through several streets arched over, where occasional skirmishing took place with detached parties of the Egyptian troops, who were easily driven back, and finally took refuge in a vaulted barrack, where we found upwards of a thousand men lying ready for a sortie, should occasion offer, or to lay down their arms, should they be discovered; the latter was their fate. I congratulate you, sir, on the success of this enterprise. The garrison consisted of nearly 3000 men, and not one escaped. Our force was under 1000.

"Our loss, which I enclose, has been trifling; one Marine officer, and three seamen killed, two mates, a boatswain, and thirty men wounded.

"I have much reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the captains, officers, and men under my command: all shewed the greatest zeal. English, Austrian, and Turks vied with each other. Commander Mansel is an old officer well deserving of promotion; Messrs. McGuire and Price, old mates, both severely wounded, and behaved most gallantly, as did Mr. Cummins, mate of the Cyclops, whose conduct was seen by the Hon. Captain Berkeley, who wrote him a strong letter on the occasion and I trust their Lordships will promote them. My Aide-de-Camp, Lieut. Bradley was also forward on all occasions. The Archduke Frederick placed his ship well, and kept up a most excellent fire, and landed with his men. Walker Bey, Turkish Rear-admiral, who was there by accident, was the first who advanced along the causeway.

"My thanks are due to the Hon. Captain Berkeley, who assisted me on all occasions, as well as to Captains Hen-

derson and Austin; Commanders Robinson and Williams, and the Captain of the Turkish corvette; to Captain Morrison, also, who commanded the Marine battalion, and to Captain Whylock, who commanded the Marine detachment.

"I am also much indebted to Captain Laué of the Prussian service, who is attached to my Staff.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, &c. &c.

(Signed) "C. NAPIER, Commodore."

It is pretty well known that the victory of Boharsef was gained by Commodore Napier, at the very time that the command of the land-forces had been transferred to Sir Charles Smith. The following correspondence between the Admiral and the Commodore will therefore not be devoid of interest.

3.—ADMIRAL SIR R. STOPFORD TO COMMODORE NAPIER.

"*October 10th*, 1840.

"MY DEAR COMMODORE,

"The Sultan's firman, and not I, has given the command of the Turkish troops to Sir Charles Smith.

"I have not taken away the Marines from your right. It is contrary to my instructions to send them far up the country, and they have been kept in the steam-boats according to the intended plan, until they were wanted to secure Beyrout. I cannot, therefore, send you any Marines; and as Sir Charles Smith is now commanding

the troops, I have only to repeat his orders, that you will fall back on D'jounie, or come down to where the steamers are, and where they were always intended to be, for embarkation.

"You will, of course, apprise the Emir of your intended retreat from your present position, and not expose him to the risk of being singly attacked.

"I think the Cambridge is in sight.

"Yours, &c.

(Signed) "ROBERT STOPFORD."

"*Princess Charlotte, off Beyrout.*
October 10*th*, 1840.

"SIR,

"It is my positive directions, in conjunction with the opinion of Colonel Sir Charles Smith, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces, by the appointment of the Sultan, and whose directions, with regard to every military movement, I am instructed to follow, that you return forthwith to the position of D'jounie, with the troops now under your command, with all due caution and circumspection.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT STOPFORD, Admiral,

"Commander-in-Chief."

"I was happy," says the Commodore, "to be able to send the following short letter in reply:—

"*October* 10*th*.

"My dear Admiral,

"I this afternoon attacked Ibrahim Pacha, and totally defeated him. He was driven from position to position, and Selim Pacha is still after him. I do not know how many prisoners we have made. The Turks behaved nobly.

"In haste, your's very truly,

"Charles Napier.

"The Hon. Sir R. Stopford, G.C.B."

"*Beyrout, October* 11*th*, 1840.

"My dear Commodore,

"Colonel Hodges is on board, and has described your splendid operations of yesterday, to the merits of which no words of mine can do justice. You have nothing to fear from Souliman Pasha; 2,000 of his men came into Beyrout to-day, and delivered themselves up with their arms; more are expected. His field pieces, nearly thirty, remain about four miles off, and we are going to get them in. Sir Charles Smith wants as many of your troops as you can spare, consistently with guarding your prisoners and your security in reaching the camp. The men had better go on board the Gorgon and Hydra to be conveyed here.

"I do most heartily assure you of being fully sensible of the benefit which I and the whole expedition have received from your indefatigable services, and on your joining the Powerful, your conscience may be perfectly satisfied on your having accomplished all that could be done.

"According to the plans from Constantinople, Sidon and Tyre are to be put into a good state of security for the troops, to which Beyrout will now be added.

"There is no news from England, but Lord Palmerston's letters are, not to risk the Turks beyond the means of retreat to the shipping; also the Marines; and saying that Acre is not to be attacked at present.

"From all this I apprehend that some negociation is going on, which will be much assisted by our successes here.

"As the capture of Beyrout was the principal object of our expedition from D'Jounie, I had no conception of your having another enterprise in hand, and therefore, after the possession of Beyrout, imagined that you had better fall back upon the camp, which has been left in a very defenceless state.

"I wish you to remain at D'Jounie for the present, and am most anxious to hear from Alexandria, where it is certain some large ships will come out if possible.

"No Cambridge; she left Malta on the 26th, ten days before the Confiance.

"Very truly yours,

"ROBERT STOPFORD."

"*Powerful, D'Jounie Bay, October 13th*, 1840.

"SIR,

"After the great advantages gained by the Emir Beschir over Osman Pacha, at Merouba, it became necessary to move on Souliman Pacha, at Merouba, defeat him, and

obtain possession of Beyrout; I in consequence directed the Emir Beschir to join me on the heights of Ornagacuan on the 9th instant, and on the 8th General Jochmus marched with four battalions, and was followed the day after by the Arab battalion, composed of Turkish and Egyptian deserters. On the 9th two steamers anchored in St. George's Bay, with a Turkish and Marine battalion, ready to embark when necessary. At nine in the morning I arrived on the heights, and found that our picquets had been driven in by an enemy we did not expect in that quarter; a Turkish battalion and the Mountaineers sent them back; and on reconnoitering I found to my surprise between 2,000 and 3,000 men in a position that appeared unassailable. No time was to be lost, as the deserters assured me they expected a reinforcement of 2,000 men the next morning.

"My own position was strong, being in a long narrow range of hills; my left almost inaccessible, and my right protected by a deep gorge, at the head of which the hills on which I was posted, after a considerable descent, turned off to the right; this part of the hill the enemy occupied in force, amongst rugged, and apparently inaccessible rocks; a road considerably below the top of the mountain wound round it; above the first position there was a second, still stronger, and above that again, a third. In the course of the day, I learned that the Emir Beschir had crossed Dog River and arrived at Basquinta, in the enemy's rear; I desired him to continue his march, and I directed Omar Bey, who had been left with four battalions in outlines, to march at night with two on Argentoun, descend

into the deep gorge of the Dog River with great caution and secrecy, and cross over to Beckfeya in the rear of the enemy, and effect a junction with the Emir Beschir; this very dangerous movement (for had he been discovered in the bottom of the gorge, he would have been destroyed) was executed with great skill by Omar Bey, and about two o'clock we were delighted to hear a firing in the enemy's rear. By this time the other two Turkish battalions, who were ordered from our lines, were in sight and another that I had passed over the gorge on our right was rapidly advancing on the enemy's left.

"All being prepared to the best of my ability, I directed the armed peasantry to throw themselves among the rocks, and advance on the enemy, and two Turkish battalions and the Arab were held in readiness to march along the winding road; the peasantry were very shy, and required a great deal of coaxing to get them forward, but knowing the country they took a long circuit on the enemy's left, and advanced unseen to the heights without firing a shot. A Turkish battalion now advanced 'en tirailleur' in front, which they did with caution, but great gallantry, under a very heavy fire; and as they advanced they unexpectedly found much good cover under the rocks.

"A second battalion, led by General Jochmus, was directed to advance along the road in column, but they broke into skirmishing parties; the Arab battalion was then advanced up in a column, but there was no keeping them together, they also broke into skirmishers, and the whole advanced with so much rapidity that I thought it best to

keep my last battalion in reserve, to cover their retreat in the event of disaster. This was an anxious time, for our success depended on the steadiness of the Turks when they came in contact with the enemy on the top of the hill; but it was soon over; the moment the hill was crowned the firing ceased, and the Egyptians laid down their arms. The reserve was now brought up, and the battalion which had crossed the gorge was making great progress on the enemy's left; a heavy fire was kept up from the second position, and it was with some difficulty I succeeded in getting the troops to make a second attack; but the example of Selim Pacha, General Jochmus, and the Turkish officers, who all behaved well, succeeded in bringing them again to the scratch, and in less than half an hour it became a complete rout, leaving all their baggage, ammunition, and provisions in the second position. Night put an end to the pursuit. Ibrahim who commanded, escaped with a few men, and the rest dispersed, leaving between 600 and 700 prisoners.

"A rather ludicrous scene took place on the heights at the end of the battle: our own Arab battalion, seeing a force coming forward, took them for the enemy, and placed themselves in position, under a wall (that had been thrown up to resist Omar Bey), he, on the other hand, took them for the enemy, and a sharp fire was opened on both sides; I, however, arrived in time to prevent mischief, which might have been serious.

"A green Turkish standard was taken, but General Jochmus informs me it was lost, but I am disposed to think it has been improperly concealed by some person,

instead of being brought to head-quarters. I have not been able to get the returns of the killed and wounded, but I believe it to be under fifty; that of the enemy, from their position, must have been less. The first effect of our forward movement, as you already know, has been the evacuation of Beyrout; the effect of our victory over Ibrahim, the entire disorganization and submission of the army of Souliman Pacha, to the amount of nearly 3,000 men, and the whole of the artillery and stores.

"I landed at D'Jounie on the 10th of September with the army you did me the honour of putting under my command, consisting of 5,300 Turkish troops and 1,500 Marines, which has from time to time been reduced to half that number; and by the 10th October we have made about 5,000 prisoners, and nearly 5,000 deserters have come over! the whole of Lebanon is nearly free; Tripoli alone remains to be taken, which, I am of opinion, will be an easy conquest, if attacked immediately.

"It is now my pleasing duty to express to you, Sir, how much I have been satisfied with the conduct of Selim Pacha, General Jochmus, Omar Bey, and indeed all the Turkish officers. Lieut. Bradley has accompanied me on all occasions, and has been everywhere most forward, and I beg strongly to recommend him for promotion; Mr. Pearn, the Master of the Powerful, and my old companion in arms in Portugal, joined me as a volunteer, as did also Lieut. Duncan, whom I sent to lead the Mountaineers. I am also much indebted to her Majesty's Consul-general, Lieut.-Colonel Hodges, who did me the honour of serving with me in the action. I have requested Selim Pacha to

furnish me with the names of the Turkish officers who particularly distinguished themselves, and which shall be forwarded as soon as possible. In giving up the command of the army to Sir Charles Smith, I beg to return my thanks to you for the confidence you have placed in me, and to assure you that I have spared no pains to render all the service in my power to the cause of the Sultan.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "CHAS. NAPIER, Commodore."

"P.S. I forgot to mention that the Emir Beschir did not come up in time, but did good service in checking the reinforcement of 2000 men that was intended to join Ibrahim. "C. N."

"To Admiral the Hon. Sir R. Stopford."

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Hunter in his "Expedition to Syria," thus graphically describes the scene at Hāmānah:—"The space where we were was a quadrangle, perhaps two hundred yards in length. Round its extent a line of Mountaineers, completely armed, formed three deep. But no movement was made by them; and the space in the interior, with the entrance, was kept scrupulously clear. Every thing bore the appearance of a greater arrival being expected; but we did not deprive expectation of its effect by asking questions. In a little time, a distant shout was heard, with the frequent discharge of fire-arms, when we were

informed that the Emir Beschir himself was approaching. A crowd of several hundred horsemen soon now appeared near the gate of the spacious court, from amongst whom the Emir advanced, on a charger of the most beautiful proportions, and accompanied by three or four others, well caparisoned and mounted. A long shout was raised by the assembled bands, as the old man pranced into the circle, managing, with easy yet admirable skill, his fiery but well-trained steed. Would that Landseer could have seen that Arab and his rider! Now, indeed, we might believe we beheld a *Prince*, and one of Nature's nobility. The scene which ensued was rapid and highly exciting. The few cavaliers who accompanied the Prince, as well as the latter himself, spurred their horses to full career,—now checking them, now letting them spring forward again. Sabres were drawn, and mimic threats of defiance and combat carried on between the parties. It was the spectacle of an Arab *mêlée*, and well exemplified the personal manœuvres of that people in single combat. The magical command which they seemed to possess over their horses, was, perhaps, the most extraordinary part of the exhibition. Those high-blooded, and apparently fierce animals, when on the most impetuous course, would, in an instant, throw themselves violently back upon their haunches, remaining for several seconds in that position, like statues, except for the quivering which was to be seen in every muscle of their frames. It was not, however, a pleasurable picture to the lover of the noble brute; at least, if, like myself, he was aware of the torturing means by which that seeming docility was effected. Their bits have a ring

from the middle of the mouth, which encircles the under jaw, and by which, of course, there is a lever for pressure against the tender roof of the animal's mouth; and the slightest weight, even that of a finger, causes him excruciating pain.

"The favourite Arab amusement of throwing the irrad, or blunt lance, next followed, and when a much larger amount of horsemen were permitted to join with the Emir. All took aim *pêle-mêle* against the other. For a moment their horses reared steadily in the air, the rider rose in saddle, and then his javelin spun aloft, directed towards the head of some unfortunate horseman, distant, perhaps, twenty yards. Frequently the antagonist shewed the greatest skill in avoiding the impending dart. They would bend their bodies forward upon the neck of their horses, sometimes stooping nearly out of the saddle, or would manage even to catch in their hands the weapon that was directed against them, and instantly hurled it back again from whence it came. This amusement lasted for nearly an hour, when both men and horses began to shew symptoms of fatigue. The old Emir then dismounted, and the greater body of horsemen immediately followed his example. It soon appeared the above was all the "review," contemplated by the Emir, and we, consequently, soon after made our last bow, and galloped out of the village.

"The day was already far spent, and it was midnight ere we reached Beyrout."

The Cavern of Jaita.

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"Continuing the hewn path we now descend towards the river, which is crossed by a modern but well-built bridge. A long Arabic inscription, almost effaced, may be observed on the cliff before crossing the bridge, and which La Roque, who visited Syria in 1688,* declares to be an inscription purporting that the bridge was built by Fakar-el-Din, the noted Druse Chief, who flourished at the commencement of that century. On the opposite bank a stone aqueduct, of good proportions, extends inland along the mountain. Thus not only are some of the wildest scenic beauties collected together, but many bright recollections of past ages. Some of the old geographers suppose this river to be the λῦκος (Wolf River) of the Greeks, hence the *Lycus* of the Romans. There is a tradition that a rock in the figure of a huge wolf once stood near its embouchure, and from whence it was alike called by the Arabs, Nahr-el-*Kelb*, or the River of the Wild Dog. Others have fancied the peculiar rushing sound of its rapid waters, rendered sonorous by the perpendicular cliffs that surround it, and seeming to resemble the baying of wolves or wild-dogs, as the cause of its similarity of title throughout different nations. Any way the fact is remarkable. Were it only from the importance of this locality in a military light, there is little doubt but that it was a permanent position during the occupation of Syria by the Roman Legions.

* "Voyage du Syrie et du Mont Liban." 2 tomes. Paris, 1722.

"A narrow bridle-path by the side of the aqueduct, enabled us to penetrate many miles up the stream; but, immediately afterwards, its course was so completely inclosed, as to preclude our farther progress. We ascended the height. It was a noble sight to look down upon that impetuous current, dashing and eddying over its rocky bed, and hemmed in with mountains of the most gigantic proportions.

"We were anxious to discover, if possible, a famed cavern, said to exist midway to the source of the river. After wandering for many a league, and when our horses were beginning to tire with the severe ascents, we at length arrived at a mountain hamlet, where Giorgius found a peasant, who said he would conduct us to the spot we were in search of. His first information was that we must dismount, as the route was difficult even on foot. And true it was; for we shortly commenced a continuous descent, more suited for goats than men. But the old Mountaineer, who was our guide, continued steadily on his way, making nothing of obstacles; and the descent, under his example, was merrily passed, and little thought of. In another hour, we stood again by the dark waters of the river, now much decreased in size. An amphitheatre of mountains environed us on every side. The mouth of the cavern was seen a little above the bank we were upon. At its entrance were a few stunted trees, whilst, from another aperture, gushed a limpid stream, which fell into the river below in a series of wild cascades. The spot was picturesque, but too wild and dreary to induce perfectly pleasureable emotions. In many points it reminded me of

Walter Scott's description of the Goblin Cave, in the "Lady of the Lake," (canto 3rd.):—

> "It was a strange and wild retreat
> As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
> The dell upon the mountain's crest
> Yawn'd like a gash in warrior's breast:
> Its trench had staid full many a rock,
> Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock.
> * * * * *
> And here in random ruin piled,
> That frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,
> And form'd the rugged sylvan grot."

"We had brought wax torches, but, at the moment of need, found that the flint and steel were lost! The Major's expedient on this occasion was worthy of his fame as a ranger of the jungle. He tore some cotton into shreds, and, after one or two efforts, succeeded in lighting it at the flash of his pistol, then, by blowing it in a handful of leaves, it got ablaze.

"We entered the vasty halls of the cavern, when our guide begged of us to proceed with caution; he, evidently, was as much at a loss as ourselves. Proceeding onwards we saw huge bats, hanging in thick festoons upon the chalky roof; glared by our lights they fluttered their skinny wings, uttering shrill and chirruping cries, which were repeated from a far extent around. We had proceeded about an hundred yards, when rocks, a few feet in height, obstructed our farther progress. A cold current of air rushed up from the other side, and, upon stretching out our lights, we saw an abyss, apparently most profound, into the interior of the mountain. We threw over a

piece of rock, and heard it boom from side to side, until, at length, it splashed in water. Another gallery led from this to the left, along which we proceeded, but, as may be presumed, looking well to our ways. Soon we turned again, by a high-domed passage, in a direction outwards from the cavern. A truly beautiful sight now presented itself. We first saw, in the distance, a bright light, breaking through a low but broad crevice in the mountain, and, upon a nearer approach, found that a vast sheet of water lay extended between us and the day: the subdued reflection upon its surface—the dark recesses surrounding it with its rippling exit over sedge and mosses —made it appear such as mythological poetry has painted the home of a Naïad or a river-god. We ultimately found this to be the stream which discharged itself near where we entered the cavern.

"Day was on the wane when we commenced the task of ascending the heights to the point where we had lately left our horses. I shall not soon forget the labour of that evening's journey, under the languor of a declining Syrian sun. Our old guide, who had tripped downwards so gaily, could now mount again with just as little trouble. I verily believe he did not once turn to take breath. The Major, who piqued himself on his *wind*, managed to keep up with him. I could hardly hold them in sight. Giorgius, who was a fat youth, and never much out of the town before, was left far in the rear. On his arrival at the village he laid himself flat on his back, and with a lachrymose countenance, informed us that he was about to die. But he was only *dead*-beat, and an instillation

from the brandy flask, with a hard boiled egg, soon brought him to more cheerful opinions. Mounting then our refreshed nags, and favoured by a bright moon, we turned again in the direction of home." * * * *

Hunter's Expedition to Syria, vol. ii, p. 54.

END OF VOL. I.

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